THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE "ALL-HOG" NATION.

England's Policy of Land Grabbing Began Over Five Hundred Years Ago.

She Has Grabbed Eleven Million Square Miles of the Earth's Surface, and is Still Looking for More.

The 10th of July, 1346, was one of the most notable dates in the history of the English people, for on that day 10,000 English archers commanded by Edward III in person, landed on the coast of France near Cape La Hague, to prosecute the policy of meddling with foreign affairs, a policy which from that day to this has never been lost to view by the English government. Seen today in the interference with Japan, China, Afghanistan, Venezuela, and Nicaragua, says a recent number of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, it is the same policy that led Edward forth on the expedition that was ended by the glorious victory of Cressy, which, but for a series of fortunate accidents, might have proven the most inglorious of defeats. The meddling interference with the affairs of foreign nations began as soon as England was itself a distinct people. Edward assumed the title of King of France in 1337, and three years later placed the arms of France with his own, distinctly professing, however, to his people, that the claim would in no wise ever subject them to the rule of the King of France in case of a change of dynasties. Nearly all traces of the Norman conquest had by this time been completely obliterated, and so great a growth made by the English language, that it was the common speech of the men on the island, and in 1362, by royal edict, it was made the language not only of the courts of justice, but of all official documents, that, up to this time, had been in either Norman, French or Latin. In other words, the English national character had become established as such, and in order to demonstrate the fact, an attempt was immediately begun, on a shadowy royal claim, to conquer the kingdom of France.

For 300 years the English had been a subject people, with their island regarded by the French kings as a conquered province, the long line of rulers from William I to Edward III apparently considering it as of importance only in regard to the money, supplies and men it could furnish for their continental wars. The Norman kings despised the English and took no pains to conceal the contempt they felt. Many of them made homes on the continent, and visited the island only at long intervals. Richard Cœur de Lion spent only six months of his ten years' reign in England, while several others were almost as chary of their visits, leaving the continent with reluctance, and going back to it after a short stay, with the pleasureably feeling always experienced by a return to a well beloved home. The English regarded their kings as foreigners and hated them, not only as such, but also as the worst of oppressors. But in the hundred years preceding the accession of Edward III the Normans had vanished in the mass of English people and a spirit of national pride had sprung up. The French of that day called Edward "the wool-grower," and the English, regarding the term as an insult, not only to a king who was one of themselves, but to the national character and prevailing industry, burned to avenge it. The claim of Edward to the French throne was as unsubstantial as many of the claims of similar nature made at that day, and good or bad, it was enough for the English, who enthusiastically followed their king to the continent, and in an effort to assert his title to the throne, began the war that lasted for a hundred years, and left both countries so shattered and prostrated by the struggle that it was a century more before either fully recovered.

The result of this first attempt at intermeddling was, for a time, apparently a complete success. The prowess of the English army at Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, victories that were won by the English footmen over the French chivalry, by the yeomen over the aristocracy, led the English to overestimate their own abilities, while the crowning of their king, Henry VI, at Paris, appeared to obliterate all hope that the French might have entertained of maintaining an independent government. In a word, England had conquered France, as France, 300 years before, conquered England. Then came the episode of Joan of Arc, the most wonderful story told in history, which made a lightning-like change in the whole appearance of affairs. In December, 1430, Henry VI was solemnly crowned in the French capital, while the claimant of the French throne had not been crowned, and his authority was recognized over a territory not greater than two or three of the present departments of the republic. In a year from the time of Henry's coronation the English had been beaten on a dozen fields, compelled to evacuate a score of fortified cities, and of all the conquests that had been made in France during the long and bloody war only Calais remained. The first effort at meddling resulted disastrously to the English crown and people, but by that time the habit of attending to other people's business had become fixed in the English character, and only awaited an opportunity to be again displayed. It did not come soon, for the Wars of the Roses came on, lasting from 1455 to 1471, and these gave the nobility and rival claimants to the throne all they cared to attend to for a considerable period of time.

Many petty interferences of more or less consequence and result followed between the close of the War of the Roses and the accession of Henry VIII, but during the early years of that monarch's reign there sprang up a theory that rendered future meddling a simple and easy matter. The idea was that two or three leading states of Europe should each have about the same strength, whether in area, population or military resources, and that when one became too strong the others should unite in readjusting the equilibrium. France, Spain and the Empire were the leading powers, and England undertook the job of rearranging matters whenever in the judgment of the government, a rearrangement seemed necessary or desirable. It was clearly understood that either France, or the Empire might rob their weaker neighbors with impunity, and, on an emergency, two of them might unite for the purpose of robbing the third, but they must not take too much, for large districts of territory taken from any one would destroy the balance of power, and generally, when such conquests were made a readjustment was effected at the expense of some unimportant state, which the plundered power was left at liberty to annex without the inhabitants having anything to say on the subject. France was then the leading power. England was jealous, but the balance of power was a barren ideality to fight about, and it was doubtful whether the English people would support a war with no better reason behind it, so in 1512 a pretext for war was found in an appeal made by the Pope against France. The pontiff, the warlike Julius II, had been trying to steal land from some Italian allies of France, and, being caught at it, was forced to fight France. In so unequal a struggle he was certain to be worsted, so he appealed to England to aid the church, a side consideration being that France was growing too strong and must be reduced. Henry VIII readily took up the Pope's quarrel and started in to restore the balance of power on the continent.

He did not do it, nor did he come anywhere near doing it, but he established a precedent that was afterward strictly followed, and he successfully demonstrated that England had a perfect right to poke her nose into anybody's business with or without an excuse, and if people did not like it, so much the worse for them. So during the entire reign of Elizabeth, while the interference rarely reached the extremity of war, it was a constant source of irritation to continental nations, and it was partly due to this cause that Philip of Spain determined to make a rearrangement of European affairs by blotting England from the map, and hence the "Invincible Armada" that was beaten by the light English men-of-war and shattered by the elements until the few battered ships that escaped to the Spanish ports could not serve even as a reminder of the glory of the departing fleet. The interferences grew more numerous and bolder during the reigns of several of Elizabeth's successors. James I was rather too dull to attend properly to his own business, to say nothing of the affairs of the continent, and Charles I was so engrossed during his reign with the civil disturbances and conflicts of his kingdom as to have little time for outside matters. The iron-handed Cromwell was both able and willing to interfere, and did so in one notable instance at least, when he gave a stern warning to the Pope that if the persecutions of the Protestants did not cease "the English guns should be heard in the Vatican." Charles II did as little as he could, and James II had no time to do anything, for by the time he was fairly seated on the throne he had to run away.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE IRISH FLAG.

A Song for Exiles.

BY "NED OF THE HILL."

Old Ireland's flag is a hallowed flag,
There's beauty in each fold;
Its ground of green, its glorious sheen,
Its Sunburst fleck'd with gold.
'Tis ancient as the heathered hills,
Or waves that lash the shore:
And high above the land we love
That flag we'll plant once more.

Great Righ Boru, on fam'd Clontarf,
He bore it gallantly;
The "Flag of Green" with Hugh was seen
At Baelinathabhue.
Its folds have flown o'er many fields
From Malin to Glendore,
And high above the land we love
We'll plant that flag once more.

Let Frenchmen toast the fleur-de-lis—
Their banner silvery white.
In honor's cause, 'gainst alien laws,
In winning Erin's right,
We boldly swear the Green to rear—
Its Sunburst we adore—
And high above the land we love
To plant that flag once more.

Then let us pledge this toast tonight—
We exiled Clan-na-Gael—
"By Sarsfield's fame and Emmet's name
To right old Inisfail.
And we shall see our nation free
From centre to the shore,
And high above the land we love
The Green Flag wave once more.

—*Munster Express.*

FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of Ireland's Noted Writers of the Present Day.

Mr. H. A. Hinkson—Novelist, Poet, Educator and Anthologist.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

Trinity College, the world-famous old University of Dublin, has for a long time borne the unsavory reputation of being a hot-bed of anti-Irish sentiment. While it deserves the stigma to a great degree, it is true, nevertheless, that some of the best patriots that Ireland ever produced, were educated wholly or partly in that institution. Robert and Thomas Addis Emmet, Peter Burrows, who defended Robert Emmet, Thomas Davis, J. J. Callanan and Thomas Moore, the poets, Charles Kendal Bushe, John Henry Colclough, General William Corbet, of '98 fame, John Philpot Curran, Henry Grattan, John Blake Dillon, John Egan, who though reduced to poverty scorned a bribe to vote for the Union, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth, and a host of others too numerous to mention, were at some time students of Trinity.

One of the prime causes of the dislike toward the college, entertained by the Irish people, was the control of it by the government and the established church. The students in the olden days were required to place their signatures to the Thirty-nine Articles, and, naturally enough, this feature was a most objectionable one to a people over four-fifths Catholic. There is no doubt, either, that the sentiments of the faculty were strongly anti-Irish at a time when the country was disturbed by open rebellion to the government in control, and which lent its support to the college.

That the old University still has its quota of patriots is evident from a volume of poems just issued by Elkins Mathews of Vigo street, W. London. It is entitled "Dublin Verses," a collection of songs written by Trinity College men and edited by Mr. H. A. Hinkson.

The object of the compiler is to bring together some of the best and most characteristic verses written by living members of the University. That he has succeeded in doing this is evident by a review of its contents, which have been selected with great impartiality and excellent judgment. Parodies and the more or less successful imitations of the great writers, of which undergraduate life is usually so prodigal, have been generally rejected in favor of poems which show an Irish rather than an English influence.

Among the writers, from whose writings selections have been made, are Aubrey De Vere, Prof. Edward Dowden, W. Percy French, Alfred Perceval Graves and his gifted cousin T. W. Rolleston, Douglas Hyde, John Kells Ingraham, W. E. H. Lecky, Standish O'Grady, Count Plunkett, John Todhunter, the two Wildes, and many others.

Among all the writers there is none more characteristic of the people in his little songs than John Todhunter. "In Aghadoe" which was given a prominent place in Mr. Graves "Irish Song Book," is also given here. His "Lament of Aideen for Oscar," is a beautiful piece of poetry, and were it not for its length, I would take the liberty of reproducing it here. One of his short poems and a thoroughly characteristic lament, written to an old Irish air, is "Eileen's Farewell":

Ring out my knell
Ye walls and towers of Neil Dhuv!
Farewell, oh, farewell
Evermore to the fields that I love!
For the world, the world is dreary,
Let me lie with my baby alone:
The heart that is weary
Rests only under the stone.

Think on my doom,
And weap for pity, Neil Dhuv!
On the slab of my tomb
No name shall be graven, but *Love*,
With the winds in places lonely,
My name of sorrow shall dwell,
And I sigh to them only
To waft thee Eileen's farewell.

Then we have that inimitable genius Alfred Perceval Graves in "Father O'Flynn," "The Irish Spinning Wheel" and "The Rejected Lover." The first two songs are well known, not only by their publication in his own collections but by the reproduction in Irish and Catholic papers everywhere. The last is a new one and will receive a welcome from the author's many admirers:

On Innisfallen's fairy isle,
Amid the blooming bushes,
We leant upon the lovers' stile,
And listened to the thrushes;
When first I sighed to see her smile
And smiled to see her blushes.

Her hair was bright as beaten gold,
And soft as spider's spinning;
Her cheek out-bloomed the apple old
That set our parents sinning;
And in her eyes you might behold
My joys and griefs beginning.

In Innisfallen's fairy grove
I hushed my happy wooing.
To listen to the brooding dove
Amid the branches cooing!
But oh, how short these hours of love!
How long their bitter ruing!

Poor cushat! Thy complaining breast
With woe like mine is heaving:
With the I mourn a fruitless quest—
For ah! with art deceiving.
The cuckoo-bird has robbed my nest,
And left me wildly grieving.

This is in Mr. Graves' best vein and as Irish a song as ever was writeen. No doubt many will be disappointed at not finding the humor of "Father O'Flynn" in it, but the writer indicates by it that he is as capable of writing a sentimental ballad with all the softness and tenderness of the Irish heart as well as one filled with rollicking humor.

There are many fine poems of Aubrey De Vere in the collection. It is hard to select the best for they are all good. There is none better than the following, however, entitled "Dirge" (A.D. 1652):

Whose were they those voices? What footsteps came near me,
Can the dead to the living draw nigh and be heard?
I wept in my sleep; but ere morning to cheer me,
Came a breeze from the woodland, a song from the bird.
O sons of my heart! the long-haired, the strong-handed!
Your phantoms rush by me with warcry and wail:—
Ye, too, for your Faith and your country late banded,
My sons by adoption, Mailed Knights of the Pale!

Is there sorrow, O ye that pass by, like my sorrow?
Of the kings I brought forth there remaineth not one!
Each day is dishonored; disastrous each morrow:—
In the yew-wood I couch till the daylight is done.
At midnight I lean from the cliff o'er the waters,
And hear, as the thunder comes up from the sea,
Your moanings, my sons, and your wailings my daughters:
With the sea-dirge they mix not; they clamor to me.

We got one in a lighter vein from W. Percy French. Mr. Hinkson gives but two parodies in the book, both of which are by this author "The Wounded Scout" (A Tale of the Next War):

The cycling scout to the war has gone,
Behind a hedge you'll find him,
A magazine gun he has girded on
And a tool-bag slung behind him.
"Spotted mouse," cried the warrior bold,
"I hear some martial drumming,
I'd like to stay, but I must away,
For I might be a foeman coming."

The cyclist fell! but the foeman's ball
Did not bring his proud soul under;
In fact, he never was hit at all,
Though he swore he was like thunder.
But a hen—ill starred—in the front mud guard
Effected the transaction;
And the scar on his brow, he alludes to now
A "scratch I got in action."

One of the most national of all the writers represented in the collection is Standish O'Grady. "The Bog of Stars," which came from his pen, is well known to most of our readers as one of the most finished pieces of English writing we have in the language. His "Lough Gray" is a little gem, but the following, "I Give My Heart to Thee," will be more popular as a song:

I give my heart to thee, O motherland,
I, if none else, recall the sacred womb,
I, if none else, behold the loving eyes
Bent ever on thy myriad progeny.
Who care not, nor regard thee as they go.
O tender, sorrowing, weeping, hoping land!
I give my heart to thee, O motherland.

I give my heart to thee, O fatherland,
Fast-anchored on thy own eternal soul,
Rising with cloudy mountains to the skies,
O proud, strong land, unstooping, stern of rule,
Me rule as ever; let me feel thy might;
Let me go forth with thee now and for aye,
I give my heart to thee, O fatherland!

I give my heart to thee, heroic land,
To thee, or in thy morning when the sun
Flashed on thy giant limbs—thy lurid moon—
Or in thy depth of night, fierce thoughted one,
Wrestling with phantoms of thy own wild soul,
Or stone still, silent, waiting for the dawn.
I give my heart to thee, heroic land.

I give my heart to thee, ideal land,
Far soaring sister of the starry throng,
O fleet of wing what journeyings are thine,
What goal, what God attracts thee? What unseen
Glory reflected makes thy face a flame?
Leave me not, where thou goest, let me go.
I give my heart to thee, ideal land.

There are so many excellent things in the work that a selection of a few poems is a difficult matter. Dr. Douglas Hyde's translations from the Irish, and his "Death Lament of John O'Mahony" are intensely national in their sentiment, as is the well known song of defiance by John Kells Ingram, "Who Fears to Speak of 'Ninety-eight?" In short, a more beautiful anthology of Irish verse has never been given to the public.

Mr. H. A. Hinkson, the editor, is a new writer, and a short sketch of him will not be amiss. He was born in the city of Dublin in 1855, and was educated at the High School of that city. He entered Trinity College in 1887 and won a classical scholarship in 1888. At the degree examination in 1891 he took classical honors, and in the same year became University correspondent to one of the Dublin papers. In 1892 he published a book on "Student Life in Trinity College" which is now in its third edition. Later on he became senior classical tutor at Clongowes Wood College, Kildare, and in 1893 settled in London, where he has since devoted his attention to the writing of articles for various magazines and periodicals. At the present time he has a novel in the press of Edmund Downey & Co., entitled "Golden Lads and Girls," a story of life in the West of Ireland, of hunting and other sports in that section of the Green Isle, with a bit of Dublin social life and student life at the University thrown in.

Mr. Hinkson in 1893 married the talented Irish writer, Katherine Tynan. Both he and his clever wife are excellent representatives of the intellectual portion of the Irish race and do honor to the land of their nativity.

CELTIC BARDS.

Characteristics of Their Genius, Which Was Racy of the Native Soil.

Mr. Boyle Contributes an Interesting Paper on the Subject to a Glasgow Journal.

Mr. W. Boyle, in an interesting paper on "Celtic Bards," in the Glasgow *Observer*, says: Most of the noblest work of the Bards has perished, but in these wild airs and plaintive melodies there still remain sufficient to prove their skill in music, and the pure, simple, heart-fresh pathos of their songs. Grattan, speaking of the Irish people, says, "their genius is affection," and the same may be said of their songs. Love of country and of kindred—sweet, sad, soul-subduing, blended with the fiercest hatred of the oppressors of both—these are the characteristics of the Celtic muse. For the heroic element of Celtic literature we must revert to early centuries of our era, to the "Tain-bo-Quel'ne," the famous epic of Maives' cattle raid. The merits of this poem are now admitted by all competent judges notwithstanding, as Sir Samuel Ferguson remarks, "the overlaying of much of its heroic and pathetic material by turgid extravagances and exaggerations, the additions apparently of later copyists." It is surrounded by about thirty collateral tales or poems, many of which have been done into English by such competent hands as Denis Florence McCarthy, Dr. Joyce and Sir Samuel Ferguson. I regret to say that owing to my ignorance of Irish, this is the only form in which I have made acquaintance with it. The story of its loss and recovery by Sanchan, who invoked the spirit of Fergus, son of Roy, its author, from his grave to repeat it forms a romance in itself:

Thou the first in rhythmic cadence dressing life's discordant tale,
Wars of chiefs and loves of maidens, gavest the poem to the Gael.
Not for selfish gawds or baubles dares my soul disturb the graves;
Love consoles, but song ennobles; songless men are meet for slaves;
Fergus, for the Gael's sake, waken! never let the scornful Gauls
'Mongst our land's reproaches reckon lack of song within our halls.

What poetic soul could resist such a plea? Fergus rose and repeated the poem to his entranced listener, and thus the Tain-bo was recovered. May not the efforts of the gifted translator, who has revivified the Tain in modern verse, be compared to this. This weird conjunction of the living and the dead was a favorite device of the bards. For the purpose of contrasting Pagan and Christian Ireland they conjured the soul of Ossian back to earth to hold discourse with St. Patrick on such mighty questions as fate and free will, a poetic feat which meets with the enthusiastic admiration of the late Prof. Morley. Of the literary manner, the technical finish of bardic verse it is difficult for one unacquainted with the originals to speak, but the opinions of those who have devoted themselves to this branch of study is useful even when given second-hand. A solid second-hand article is always preferable to a thing merely veneered, however new. What then do you think is the claim made by Celtic scholars on behalf of Celtic bards? Nothing less than that they are the absolute inventors of the two most distinguishing features of modern verse—rhyme and alliteration. Indeed, the word rhyme covers both terms, for alliteration is merely rhyme at the beginning instead of the end of a word.

Our bards were not, however, content with these crude cadences of first and last syllables, but introduced various shadings of internal harmonies, echoing and re-echoing one another in the most delightful manner. Ferguson, who is admitted to have caught more than any modern spirit of the Celtic bards, says on this subject: "It is difficult in English to imitate these duplications and crassitudes which give so much of its effect to the original, where, owing to the pliancy of the sounds, several syllables are often, as it were, fused together and internal rhymes and correspondences produced within the body of the line." He gives an example of this in a translation of an old song called "The Boatman"—

Oh Whillan, rough, bold-faced rock, that stoop'st o'er the bay,
Look forth at the new bark beneath me clearing her way;
Saw ye ever on sea or river mid the mounting of spray
Boat made of a tree that urges thro' the surges like mine today
On the tide-top, the tide-top, the tide-top?"

"I remember," says Whillan, "a rock I have ever been,
And constant my watch each day o'er the sea-wave green;
But of all that I ever of barques or of galleys have seen,
This that urges through the surges today is the queen
On the tide-top, the tide-top?"

Dr. Douglas Hyde, one of our most industrious researchers in the fields of Celtic rhyme, gives many examples of this in his translations, and adds that the elaborate perfection of Irish versification is a thing no mere English reader can have any conception of. We find, therefore, that these ancient bards of Erin not only used rhyme but used it to a height of perfection unknown to English poets. The ancients were not acquainted with its use. It is found in no other literature except where directly traceable to Celtic influence. Is it too much then to assume that the Celts are the inventors of it? Another claim, and it seems to me with good reason, is made on behalf of these island bards and singers, namely, that their ears were finer and more cultivated than ours. Such a claim is supported by the elegant simplicity and perfect pathos of their music. When Standel said that he would rather be the composer of "Eileen Aroon" than of all that he had ever written, he not merely expressed his individual opinion but, the opinion of the most accomplished musicians of the world. Yet we have stronger testimony than even this of the ear-culture of the early Celts in the mechanical construction of their poems, for, surely, the composers would never have taken the infinite pains they did in arranging their internal rhymes and assonance if the ears of their hearers were so dull as ours and not able to discover the half-hidden harmony of the lines?

We read poetry now-a-days, and are assisted by the eye in detecting assonant syllables, but in the days of the bards poetry was only heard, the writing being a mere secondary consideration bearing about the same relationship to chanting or singing that Hansard's reports bear to a debate in parliament. Many there are who, while willing to admit a high standard of technical perfection to bardic verse, deny its creative power and ridicule its claims to rank at all as literature. This is not the opinion of the most reliable critics. You all know that Matthew Arnold attributes what he calls the "natural magic" of Shakespeare to Celtic influence. The late Prof. Morley is more explicit still. He says: "The story of your literature begins with the Gael. But for early, frequent and various contact with the race which in its half barbarous days invented Oisin's dialogues with St. Patrick, England would not have produced a Shakespeare."

Spenser's direct contact with the bards of Ireland unquestionably supplied him not merely with his heroine Oona—improperly pronounced Una—but with the main idea of his poem. He himself tells us in his "View of the state of Ireland" that he had "caused divers of their poems to be translated unto me, and surely they savored of sweet wit and good invention, sprinkled with some flowers of their natural device which gave grace and comeliness unto them." He goes on to censure them for choosing not the sayings and doings of good men for the subject of their poems, "but whomsoever they found lawless in life—that is, preferring their own laws to the invader's—most dangerous and desperate in disobedience (to the saintly Elizabeth, of course) him they set up and glorify, and make an example to the young men." Goldsmith—as true a poet as even Spenser—pays a still more glowing tribute to the genius of Carolan, "the last of the bards," and whom he calls the Irish Pindar, whose songs—and he had heard them from the author's own tongue—he compares to "the finest compositions of Italy." What then must have been the charm of those triennial contests of the bards when all the great ones of the land accompanied by their thousands of followers assembled at the Hill of Tara to chant their rival lays. And as the centuries rolled on and all the country lay in agony beneath a ghastly tyranny, how the people must have loved the persecuted singer who scorned delights and bribes, to chant in lonely glen or mountain sheeling, with sentinels posted to prevent surprise and slaughter, songs of love and hope, and above all, songs of hatred of their cruel oppressors! Whatever be your nationality you cannot deny a word of gratitude to these forgotten wanderers who kept alive through dark and bitter centuries the ancient minstrelsy of their land, whose harp-strings thrilled to nature's universal language—"the concord of sweet sounds," whose notes appeal to all, the student in his study, the toiler in the strife of cities, the exile far away beneath the shade of rustling pines and hemlocks, all alike are cheered, elevated, soothed by the recollection of the dear old songs, for the love of song, next to their love of religion, still remains the most precious inheritance of the Celtic race.

A Blessed Deliverance.

This is effected when the hostile disturbance of the liver, known as biliousness, ceases through the benign operation of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Pain in the right side and under the right shoulder blade, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, "fur" upon the tongue, morning nausea, vertigo, sour breath, irregularity of the bowels and sick headache, are among the distressing symptoms which take their departure when the great anti-bilious medicine is resorted to. Chills and fever, kidney and bladder trouble, rheumatism, dyspepsia and nervousness are also remedied by the Bitters, which is also a superb tonic and promoter of sleep and appetite. Use the Bitters persistently and not by fits and starts. Speedy good results will follow.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

TOWN LAID WASTE.

ARDMORE, I. T., RAVAGED BY A CONFLAGRATION.

One Hundred and Fifty Store Buildings Swept Away at a Cost of About $800,000 —Citizens Fight the Flames with Neither Water Works Nor Engines.

ARDMORE, I. T., April 20.—Thursday Ardmore could boast of being the largest and most prosperous city in the Indian Territory. Yesterday morning the entire business portion of the city was wiped out by fire and 150 business houses, among which were many two and three-story bricks, are a smouldering mass of ruins. The aggregate loss entailed is variously estimated at between $500,000 and $800,000, with the latter figures probably coming near the correct amount. The insurance will foot up to but one-third of the loss. The fire started at 1 o'clock in the morning in the large livery barn of Harper & Cecil in Caddo street. It spread with marvelous rapidity and within less than an hour's time nearly every business house on that street was in ruins.

Had to Fight It Hand-to-Hand.

The city has no fire company or water works, but the whole male population turned out and desperately fought the flames. It was soon apparent that the business portion of the city was doomed, and efforts were directed towards saving the residence section. They worked like beavers, and at 6 o'clock a. m. had kept the flames within the down town limit. Two large brick national bank buildings and three other business houses on Main street, east of Caddo, with the postoffice, is all of the business portion of the city left standing. The scene of the disaster on Main street is a sad one and the loss will prove a decided set back to the city.

Man Fatally Burned and Horses Roasted.

Twenty-six livery horses were roasted alive in Harper & Cecil's stables. A man named Neu, a stranger who was permitted to sleep in the barn, was so badly burned that he cannot recover. The cause of the fire is not known, there being various rumors as to its origin, but it is undoubtedly incendiary. The large federal court building and jail were destroyed. Eighty prisoners confined in the latter were removed to the Baptist church beyond the danger line and placed under a heavy guard.

Those Who Lost Over $10,000.

The following are the losers of $10,000 and up in each case: Noble Bros., wholesale grocers, $30,000; J. B. Spraggin & Co., hardware, $25,000; W. O. Duston, dry goods, $35,000; Williams Bros., hardware, $15,000; D. F. Whittington, general merchandise, $80,000; A. J. Kleskie, general merchandise, $20,000: Riner & Servelli, $15,000; Frank Green & Co., $12,000; Randall & Co., general merchandise, $15,000; Fielder Bros., grocers, $12,000; Kearney & Wyse, $12,000.

The work of rebuilding on a more extensive plan will begin at once, and outside aid will not be asked. The total insurance is $245,000, and the losers were insured in sums varying from 20 to 50 per cent. of the losses.

NICARAGUA RESISTING JOHN BULL.

Would Do Anything to Avoid Payment of That Indemnity.

NEW YORK, April 23.—A special to The World from Colon, Colombia, April 22, says: Nicaragua is seeking allies, it is understood here. She is preparing in every other possible way, it is said, to resist Great Britain's demands, contained in the recent ultimatum, for punitive damages for the banishing of British subjects from the Mosquito coast and for damages to the property of those and other subjects.

LONDON, April 23.—The Chronicle says of the report that Nicaragua is willing to cede Corn island to Great Britain. "The offer of Corn island instead of a money indemnity looks like a 'plant' on the part of our Nicaraguan friends, for they know that its acceptance would call out against us all the champions of Monroeism.

"We do not want any trouble with the United States over this peculiar doctrine and therefore it would be better if we stuck to our money demands. If Nicaragua wishes to sell Corn island she had better offer it to the Americans or some other people."

FAST TIME ON THE RAILWAY.

Nearly 60 Miles at an Average of 76.5 Miles an Hour.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—The fastest time ever made between here and Atlantic City and the fastest time ever made by a railway train in this country for such a great distance was that accomplished by the special newspaper train on the Pennsylvania railway Sunday. The train ran from Camden to Atlantic City in 45 minutes. The distance is 58.3 miles and the average speed was 76.5 miles an hour. The fastest single mile was made in 41 seconds, which is an average of 87.8 an hour.

Dynamite Used by a Striker.

ST. LOUIS, April 23.—An attempt was made to blow up the residence of Herman Knopke, in East St. Louis. Dynamite was used and the front of the house was badly wrecked, all the windows shattered and a big hole blown through the roof. That the wreck was the work of some striking employe of the Tudor Iron works is the generally accepted explanation of the crime, for one of the house's occupants was J. E. Jones, superintendent of the roller mills, who had charge of the importation of men to take the places of the strikers. No one was hurt.

Suicided When She Got the Chance.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 23.—Mrs. Fanny Schwartz, aged 24, wife of Jacob Schwartz, of Louisville, was a patient at the High Oaks sanitarium, afflicted with melancholia with suicidal impulses. She was visited by her husband and spent the day with him at the Phœnix hotel. Being left alone a few moments she slipped off to a drug store and bought a bottle of morphine, which she concealed in her clothing. When she returned to the sanitarium she drank a fatal drught and died in a few hours.

Griswold Bank Robbers Convicted.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., April 23.—The jury in the federal court rendered a verdict of guilty against the Griswold bank robbers, "Spooney" Butler, the noted Pittsburg crackeman, and J. W. Smith, alias Wilson. The robbers stole $600 worth of stamps that were in the bank for safe deposit. Both of the convicted are known in police circles throughout the United States.

MAGNIFICENT WEDDING.

Miss Mary Leiter Married to Hon. George N. Curzon, M. P.

WASHINGTON, April 22.—The wedding of Hon. George Nathanial Curzon, M. P., and Miss Mary Leiter, was celebrated at St. John's Episcopal church amid scenes of such brilliancy and in the presence of such a distinguished assemblage of cabinet officers, diplomats, governors, and bishops, as to give the event the character of a public ceremony. Long before the

MISS MARY LEITER.

hour for the ceremony a curious crowd surrounded St. John's church, which is on Lafayette square, immediately fronting the White House. The church was filled to its utmost capacity. The ushers were Mr. Joseph Leiter, brother of the bride and Mr. Frank Curzon, brother of the groom. Mrs. Cleveland arrived shortly ahead of the bridal party and was given a seat in the forward part of the church near the pews reserved for the immediate relatives. The president did not appear, as it is an unwritten law that the executive does not attend private social events.

The bridal presents were numerous and exceptionally elegant, that of Mrs. Cleveland being a large silver loving cup.

ASSAULT ON MRS. PARNELL.

Mother of the Irish Leader Brutally Beaten and Robbed.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., April 20.—Mrs. Delia Parnell, the aged mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, the late Irish leader, was assaulted on her way home, beaten, robbed and left unconscious in a field, where she was found later by a passer-by. She was carried to a farmer's house near at hand, but did not regain consciousness until evening, when she was unable to throw any light on the affair. Dr. Shipps found her still suffering from the effects of concussion of the brain and shock, but no symptoms have yet developed pointing to fracture of the skull. In view of her advanced age and the loss of blood it is impossible to foresee the outcome of the case.

It has been learned that the old lady, while in this city, visited the hardware store of Samuel E. Burr and tendered a $10 check in payment of a bill of about $2. After receiving her change she left for home, walking along the railroad tracks, where the assault was doubtless made. Two tramps giving the names of John Devine, of Philadelphia, and John Brennan, of Newark, were arrested on suspicion. They were discovered loitering about Ironsides, the home of Mrs. Parnell, but as they proved to know nothing of the assault they were released.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—Dr. Thomas S. K. Morton, of this city, who was in consultation with Dr. Shipps, stated last night that if Mrs. Parnell lives she will be permanently deranged. In his opinion it is not unlikely that the old lady's wonderful vitality will save her life. She is 86 years old, but had he not known otherwise he would not have taken her to be more than 56.

SEQUEL OF A DIVORCE CASE.

Latest Developments of the Domestic Trouble in the Stiles Family.

CHICAGO, April 23.—It is announced that Herbert P. Crane and Mrs. L. B. Stiles, co-respondent and principal respectively in the sensational Stiles divorce case, recently on trial in Chicago, were arrested last night on the charge of adultery. They were indicted by the grand jury of Kane county at Geneva yesterday afternoon. It is claimed that they had been living together at St. Charles, Ills.

The divorce case created much comment, owing to the prominence of those concerned. It will be remembered that Judge Ewing dismissed the case two weeks ago on the ground that no case had been made out. Mr. Stiles' attorneys made an ineffectual effort to have the case reopened, making the same charge as that on which the indictment is based.

Waller Ordered to a Civil Prison.

TOULON, April 23.—M. Hanes, the marine commissary general by whose order John L. Waller, formerly United States consul at Tamatave, was confined in Fort St. Nicholas at Marseilles, notified the procureur de la republic of the disposition made of the prisoner. The procureur de la republic immediately ordered Waller to be transferred to the civil prison at St. Pierre, where he will await the decision of the prison board of France, as to where the sentence is to be carried out. His sentence is simply confinement, not to hard labor.

Gold Fever in North Carolina.

RALEIGH, April 22.—Gold miners from the west are arriving in the Piedmont section of North Carolina, and there is an outbreak of mining fever. The discovery of a pure nugget weighing eight pounds and five ounce in Stanley county has increased interest in mining. Four hundred western miners are expected within sixty days. Western men purchased the McAmetty mine. Inventor Edison has bought a mine near Charlotte at which he expects to develop a new process for the treatment of North Carolina gold ores.

New Officers of the Whisky Trust.

CHICAGO, April 20.—Samuel M. Rice was unanimously elected president of the whisky trust to succeed Joseph B. Greenhut. John M. Mott, of Chicago, was elected secretary. The new board and officers are in perfect harmony with Receiver McNulta.

Representative Hitt Is Better.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—The condition of Representative Hitt, of Illinois, was somewhat improved during the day, and last night he was reported to be resting easily.

DOWN ON THE G. A. R.

COLONEL WARRING'S INTERVIEW WITH DR. GIBBS.

Expresses Himself Freely Regarding the Law Requiring the Employment of Old Soldiers and Says the Grand Army is a Lot of "Pension Bummers."

NEW YORK, April 22.—Colonel George E. Waring, the commissioner of street cleaning, has become involved in a bitter quarrel with a Grand Army veteran, and incidentally has brought the wrath of the entire organization on his head. In a conversation with Dr. John Wilson Gibbs, formerly of the health department and commander of the E. D. Morgan Grand Army post, the matter of employing veterans in his department came up. Colonel Waring became excited, and in a report of the conversation is said to have called the G. A. R. veterans a "lot of drunken bums." Dr. Gibbs was exceedingly angry and threatened to call the colonel publicly to account. Colonel Waring says he did not call the veterans drunken bums, but admits in a card that he did say he regarded "the G. A. R. as a lot of pension bummers," which will be pretty nearly as bad for him so far as the vets are concerned.

The Interview with Dr. Gibbs.

In his card the colonel says that Gibbs called on him, told him, that he (Gibbs) had had a bill passed by the legislature compelling the employment of Union veterans, and then and there made "application for a $1,200 place, and he demanded his appointment. * * * Dr. Gibbs said that he was a captain of cavalry and that he took John Morgan. The official certificate of veteranship on which he bases his application for a position shows that he was discharged from the service in January, 1866, as a sergeant of infantry and that he had entered as an enlisted man in April, 1865." The colonel then said to Gibbs that such legislation was an injury to veterans; he (the colonel) never appointed a veteran without telling him he did so with regret because of the difficulty of getting rid of him should he prove unsatisfactory.

He told Gibbs he (the colonel) was not a Grand Army man and would not be. The colonel then closes as follows: "To avoid the necessity for recurring to this subject, I may as well say that my statement concerning the Grand Army of the Republic was deliberately made; that organization has, in my judgment, sold itself for cash to the claim agents of Washington. Because of its nefarious action the workingmen of this country are now paying annually $100,000,000 more in pensions than they ought to be paying."

Comments of Gen. Sickles.

General Daniel E. Sickles was seen at his home at 23 Fifth avenue. He expressed himself as follows: "Colonel Waring ought to be ashamed of himself for using such language. It is a shame that such a creature should hold office in New York. Although he is called a colonel, his language would indicate that he has never been a soldier. At any rate, he does not seem to have any of the instincts of a brave soldier. There is not anything in the street cleaning department or anywhere else too good for the men he slanders. The policy he spits upon is part of the laws of the United States and of the state of New York. He has taken an oath to support those laws and to administer his department in accordance with them. Let him do so and shut his mouth."

VETERANS SHOULD BE CAREFUL.

Warning Regarding the Proposed Settlement of Old Soldiers in Georgia.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 22.—A telegram from Baltimore says: "Ex-Governor Northen, who is at the head of the Georgia bureau of immigration, telegraphs The Manufacturers' Record, of this city, that he has secured a site for a settlement of 14,000 veterans of the late war and their families in southern Georgia. This colony has been organized by P. H. Fitzgerald and others, of Indianapolis, and will comprise old soldiers from various sections. It is called the Soldiers' Colony club and embraces farmers, mechanics, and men in the various professions. A large proportion of the people will locate on small farms in the territory selected, while the balance will found a new city."

At the recent encampment of the Georgia Grand Army a statement was adopted in reference to the immigration of old soldiers to that state, which says that having heard that large numbers of old soldiers are contemplating going to Georgia to find homes the Georgia G. A. R. deems it a duty to call attention to certain facts, which are, in brief, that there are large tracts of land in Georgia which are held under fraudulent grants; that the traffic in these fraudulent titles and the efforts to unload them upon innocent parties has been so great and widespread that Secretary of State Cook, of Georgia, has felt it his duty to issue a circular calling special attention to these frauds. It is urged that those contemplating going to Georgia for homes read this circular carefully, and a copy of it is made part of the statement. Old soldiers are informed, however, that there is a hearty welcome to all who go to Georgia.

The statement emphasizes the possible dangers comrades may incur in becoming freeholders of the state of Georgia, and assures the veterans that there is desirable land in Georgia sufficient in quantity to furnish a great army of old soldiers with good farms, the titles of which are perfect. Mr. Fitzgerald said that this circular was the work of an agent through whom the sale was not made. He said the purchase was subject to a good and sufficient title which is yet subject to the approval of attorneys specially selected to pass on it.

Turned Up in Cape Town.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., April 20.—Three months ago Daniel W. Souder, ex-county clerk of Allen county, mysteriously disappeared. Since then nothing has been heard from him until now. A letter was received by his wife from him dated Cape Town, South Africa. In this letter Souder says his mind was a total blank until he was far out on the ocean when he recovered his senses. He says he will return by first steamer, which will probably be in thirty days.

Standard Oil Makes It Pay.

PITTSBURG, April 22.—It is stated here that the Standard Oil company has profited $10,000,000 in the last ten days by the rise in petroleum, and that independent refineries have also profited heavily.

KOHLSAAT BUYS TWO NEWSPAPERS.

Another Change in the Journals the James W. Scott Founded.

CHICAGO, April 22.—H. H. Kohlsaat who for a time held the controlling interest in the Inter-Ocean, but sold out because he had ideas that did not "gee" with those of others in the concern, has since been watching an opportunity to get back into the ranks of journalism and his success marks another "lightning change" in the life of the Herald, founded by the late James W. Scott. The change is greater than that by which the paper became the Times-Herald, for it involves a change of politics from Democratic to Republican in the national issue of protection.

Mr. Kohlsaat has purchased $710,000 of the $1,000,000 in stock of the paper and one of the first indications of Republican control was the resignation of the principal political writer, who could not write protection articles against his own convictions. James W. Scott owned $200,000 in the Times-Herald and besides the money for this Mrs. Scott will get an annuity of $10,000 for ten years if she lives that long. She will also hold a small interet in the paper. It should be said that the sale includes The Evening Post also. Mr. Hawley, the managing editor of the Times-Herald, retains his stock, but of course will not control the paper's policy.

Outside of the issue of protection the paper will vigorously oppose free silver coinage at any ratio by this nation alone. In local affairs it will be independent and hold personal fitness as the only qualification for municipal office.

GREENHUT DEPOSED.

He Then Serves Papers in Eleven Libel Suits of $50,000 Each.

PEORIA, Ills., April 18.—The whisky trust reorganization committee carried the annual stockholders' meeting of the Distilling and Cattle Feeding company by storm, and when it adjourned had deposed ex-President Greenhut, elected a full board of directors and empowered the board to take any necessary action toward recovering from the trust's last officials any property that may be due the corporation. But Greenhut was not at all docile, being present at the meeting with objections at every turn; refusing to resign as director, and before adjournment he personally superintended the serving of papers in eleven libel suits of $50,000 each. The suits were served upon the members of the reorganization committee: R. B. Hartshorne, John I. Waterbury, F. W. Lockwood, Jules Bache and W. E. Hunton, and upon Attorney Levy Mayer, of Chicago; Attorney Nathan Bijur, of New York; Receiver John McNulta, and the three experts who have been examining the trust's books.

JOHN L. DOES A BRAVE DEED.

Burns His Hands Badly in Saving a Woman from Death by Fire.

BOSTON, April 22.—Ex-Champion John L. Sullivan has distinguished himself as a life saver. As John was leaving his boarding house on Dover street he heard a woman scream in the rear of the house. He ran down the stairway and saw at once there was a fire in the kitchen and that Mrs. Margaret Donnelly, the cook, was in danger of being burned to death, her clothing having been ignited by blazing fat on the stove.

He quickly wrapped a big mat around the woman and succeeded in extinguishing the fire. She was badly burned, but the chances are favorable for her recovery. Sullivan's hands were burned in several places and he was obliged to call on a doctor, but the wounds are not serious.

Suicide of a Prominent Citizen.

AKRON, O., April 19.—Thomas C. Kenyon, for many years connected with the White & Barnes Manufacturing company and one of the city's best known and most respected citizens, was found hanging in his dooryard. Business troubles are supposed to have been the cause of the suicide

Death of Ex-Senator Wilson.

FAIRFIELD, Ia., April 23.—Ex-United States Senator James F. Wilson died at 9:40 o'clock last night after an illness of some weeks.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, April 22.

Money on call easy at 2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 4@5½ per cent. Sterling exchange was firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 489½@488¼ for demand and 488¾@488¼ for sixty days; posted rates 488¼@489½ and 490@491¼; commercial bills 487¾@487¾.

Silver certificates, 67@67¼; no sales; bar silver, 60¾. Mexican dollars, 55¼.

United States government bonds strong; new 4's reg. 119¾; do coupons, 121; 5's reg. 114¾; 5's coupons 115½; 4's reg. 111½; 4's coupons, 112½; 2's reg. 95; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, April 22.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—April, opened 61½c, closed 61¼c; May, opened 61¾c, closed 61¾c; July, opened 62¾c, closed 62¾c. Corn—April, nominal, closed 48c; May, opened 48¼c, closed 48¼c; July, opened 48¾c, closed 48¾c. Oats—April, nominal, closed 28¼c; May, opened 29¾c, closed 29c; June, opened 30c, closed 29¾c. Pork—May, opened $12.45, closed $12.37½; July, opened $12.70, closed $12.75. Lard—May, opened $6.97½, closed $7.00.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20c per lb; extra dairy, 18c; fresh packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11½c per dozen. Live Poultry—Chickens, 9½@10c per lb; turkeys, 7@12½c; ducks, 10@11c; geese, $3.00@5.00 per dozen. Potatoes—Burbanks, fair to choice, 66@70 per bushel; Hebrons, 65@68c; Peerless, 62@67c; mixed, 6 @68. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, common to choice, $1.75@2.75 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $2.00@2.50 per box. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.50@3.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, April 22.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 25,000; sales ranged at $3.50@4.65 pigs, $4.60@4.95 light, $4.55@4.75 rough packing, $4.60@5.00 mixed, and $4.80@5.10 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day 8,000; quotations ranged at $5.00@6.30 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.40@4.80 good to choice ditto, $4.00@5.35 fair to good, $4.20@4.85 common to medium ditto, $4.00@4.50 butchers' steers, $2.70@3.85 stockers, $3.80@4.75 feeders, $1.75@3.80 cows, $3.50@5.00 heifers, $2.50@5.00 bulls, $3.25@5.75 Texas steers, and $2.50@5.80 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 16,000; sales ranged at $3.00@4.75 westerns, $2.50@4.25 Texas, $2.00@4.90 natives, and $3.75@5.80 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, April 22.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 62c; No. 1 northern, 60c; May, 62c. Corn—No. 3, 48c. Oats—No. 2 white, 32½c; No. 3, white, 32c. Barley—No. 2, 52c; samples, 51½@53½c. Rye—No. 1, 66c.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF HAPPENINGS OF NOTE.

Work of the State Lawmakers at Springfield—Bills and Resolutions Introduced, Etc.—Other State Items of General Interest to Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, April 18.—Both houses of the legislature have adopted resolutions expressing sorrow at the death of James W. Scott, of the Chicago Herald. Salomon, of the department stores committee, reported to the senate that two Chicago department store men had refused to answer questions of the committee, and asked the senate to force them to answer. The matter was sent to the judiciary committee. The bill to repeal the trust law so that miners can get better wages was made special order for next Wednesday. The bill to prevent trains from obstructing highways longer than ten minuces at a time was passed. A number of bills were advanced. In the house the bill for a state board of arbitration was passed with an emergency clause. The bill declaring express companies common carriers was also passed. The bill to increase the number of state mine inspectors from five to ten, all to be paid by mine owners, failed to pass, and notice of reconsideration was given.

SPRINGFIELD, April 19.—The senate confirmed the nominations for trustees of the Southern Illinois Normal, state board of education and Illinois Soldiers' Orphans' home. The report of the election committee in favor of McKinley was adopted unanimously. The Valley people's drainage canal bill was reported favorably and it was made special order for Wednesday. Littler's revenue bill was partly considered and made special order for next Thursday, as was Green's bill revising the insurance laws. The bill to pension retired school teachers was reported favorably. In the house the committee that investigated the home for juvenile offenders at Chicago reported that the home had been mismanaged and is a failure that should receive no more appropriations and be closed. The weekly payment bill was ordered to second reading. Bills were passed: Making inspectors of mines inspectors of weights and measures: making sixty-eight pounds of corn a bushel; to include in judgments for wages the services of horses and teams; reducing the rate of interest on redemptions to 6 per cent.

SPRINGFIELD, April 20.—The governor sent to the senate the nomination of S. S. Page, of Cook, for trustee of the Eye and Ear Infirmary, vice Daniel Goodwin. The bill to pension retired teachers was advanced to third reading. The arbitration bill was read the first time and advanced to second reading. The bill relating to building associations was passed. In the house a resolution was introduced to investigate the charges that assessors collusively undervalue property of certain individuals. A memorial was presented from labor unions protesting against the purchase of machinery for penitentiaries. The bill to reduce interest on school funds to 7 per cent. was passed. Both houses adjourned to Monday.

SPRINGFIELD, April 23.—In the senate little was done except advancing several bills on the calendar. Only forty members were present in the house, and about the same line of business was pursued as in the senate.

SMALLPOX AT SPRING VALLEY

Shotgun Quarantine Will Be Maintained for Ten Days.

SPRING VALLEY, Ills., April 23.—J. W. Scott, secretary of the state board of health, arrived here to investigate the smallpox cases. He found the negro William Lee suffering with confluent smallpox, and that a great many other negroes had been exposed. He had the mayor call a special meeting of the council in the office of Dr. Coveny, the chief of the local board of health. Dr. Scott advised a thorough vaccination, and that the city employ two or three physicians to make a house to house canvass for that purpose.

He also suggested that the local clergy advise their congregations to get vaccinated, and that one man be placed in charge of the quarantine, with full power to act, employ guards and furnish the negroes provisions. The aldermen selected James B. Nelson, a business man of this city. The shotgun quarantine will be maintained for ten days longer if no new cases break out. A guard shot and wounded a negro who was attempting to cross the dead line.

TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF.

Illinois Farmer Who Wanted to Wipe Out the Government.

ELGIN, Ills., April 22.—John Westarth, the Lily Lake farmer who gained notoriety a year or more ago by distributing circulars calling a meeting on the lake front in Chicago with a view of wiping out the government, and who was subsequently committed to the insane asylum here, was released on parole some time ago and went to Michigan. Relatives brought him back to Elgin and he was placed in the city jail to await a second commitment. He made a desperate attempt at suicide. He was found by the officers throwing himself from his bunk to the concrete floor of the jail, striking on his head. They opened the cage door and, after a sharp struggle, took him out. He was badly cut and bruised and is now violently insane.

Will Be Plenty of Strawberries.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 23.—Reports received by the state board of agriculture show that the strawberry crop of this state this year will be unusually large and of excellent quality if no frost or drought interfere.

Notes of the State.

As a result of a quarrel over rent upon the farm of Henry C. Dickinson, near Leroy, Ills., Al Buris stabbed Dickinson with a knife several times, inflicting probably fatal injuries.

The Galena, Ills., public library received a donation from Mrs U. S. Grant in the shape of the two volumes of General Grant's "Memoirs," bound expressly for the occasion in tree calf.

The vote of the Tenth Illinois congressional district was canvassed by the state canvassing board at Springfield and showed that the majority of Prince (Rep.) is 10,560. The Populists polled 2,877 votes.

Smallpox is under control at Shawneetown, Ills. There have been eighteen cases and seven deaths. The quarantine has been raised.

Petroleum is rapidly falling in price and is down to $1.96 at Pittsburg.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, April 17.

Richard Croker's American horse Eau de Gallie has won the Crawford plate at the Newmarket races in England.

British Socialist have called a great demonstration at Hyde Park, London, "to protest against the deadly system under which you are dying daily."

The textile labor unionists of Rhode Island have begun a move against their members serving in the militia.

Petroleum went to $2.50 at Pittsburg, but later dropped to $2.43.

The striking coatmakers of Cincinnati have gone back to work as individuals, having been beaten in the strike.

The Standard Oil company will pay income tax under protest, and probably contest the law.

Charles Smith, a negro tough, and Webber Isaacs, a youg Indian, have been sentenced to be hanged at Fort Smith with Cherokee Bill on June 25.

Thursday, April 18.

Judge Gildersleeve, at New York, denied the application of alimony in the pending suit of Mrs. Cutting for separation from her husband, ex-Congressman John L. Cutting, of San Francisco.

John Mills, formerly an engineer on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad, was killed by the explosion of a locomotive at San Bernardino, Cal.

Carrie J. Dewey, aged 30, formerly a snake charmer in the Barnum shows, killed herself with paris green at Bridgeport, Conn.

R. A. Bianford, who after being fourteen years a fugitive from justice, surrendered to the Austin, Tex., authorities, has been discharged, there being no evidence against him. He was accused of embezzlement.

Oil is so high in the leading markets now that speculators are growing wary and dealing with caution. The result is a reaction from $2.69 to $2.17 per barrel at Pittsburg.

At Saginaw, Mich., a German Lutheran school superintendent named Richter refused to accept a United States flag for the school house with the sentiment, "One country, one flag, one language."

Friday, April. 19.

Walter S. Hays, a State league base ball player, was stabbed and killed at Bloomsburg, Pa., by Casper Thomas, 70 years old. Hays threatened to murder the old man, whereupon the latter turned upon his would-be slayer and killed him instead.

The National Manufacturing and Jewelry Importing company at 334 Dearborn street, Chicago, has made an assignment. The assets of the company are $136,000 and the liabilities about $90,000. The assignee is Charles S. Shepherd.

Russell Sage has the grip.

A New York syndicate has agreed to furnish $12,000,000 for the Minnesota Canal company. It is proposed to open 200 miles of canal and river front at Duluth for navigation and power purposes.

John J. Ingalls has come out in favor of putting a free silver plank in the national Republican platform for 1896.

It is alleged at Paris that an anarchistic plot to assassinate President Faure, of France, has been discovered.

Saturday, April 20.

David Crumpacker killed his wife at Pätacha City, Wash. The shot was intended for Eben Johnson and the wife lost her life in trying to shield the latter, who was alleged to be her lover.

The Kentucky Republican state committee will change the date for the Republican state convention, which has been called for May 29, Decoration Day.

Mrs. Adams Darling, the poetess, charges that her son, Irving I. Darling, the musical composer, was poisoned by his wife and Dr. Francis Xavier Spanger, of Detroit. Dr. Spanger and the widow have married since young Darling's death.

Sevill, Schofield & Co., proprietors of the Economy woolen mills at Manayunk, Pa., have assigned with liabilities of about $350,000.

The monument erected in Decatur county, Ind., to mark the center of population of the United States has been defaced by some person.

The council of the Russian empire has unanimously approved a decree authorizing commercial transactions of any kind to be concluded on a gold basis.

Monday, April 22.

Judge Grosscup, of the United States court at Chicago, who has been seriously ill at Redlands' Cal., is recovering.

England has informed the Porte that better government must obtain in Asia Minor and the porte has agreed to improve things.

The county board at Milwaukee has been asked to adopt the potato garden plan of relieving the poor. Over 100 lots of ground have been offered.

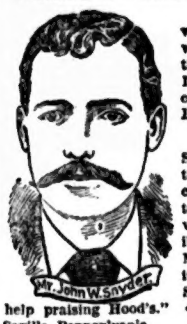
Because his wife refused to get up and cook his breakfast Henry Williams, colored, of Hillsboro, Tex., assaulted her with a blunt instrument, killing her. He then took rough on rats and died in a few minutes.

Stockholders and capitalists interested in the Ashland, Minneapolis and St. Paul railway have decided to float bonds for the construction of the road this summer.

The well-known Lakeside hotel, a famous summer resort on Pewaukee lake, Wis., has been destroyed by fire. The loss will probably be $40,000.

Sir Robert Hamilton, whose death is announced at London, is understood to have been mainly instrumental in framing the first Home Rule bill. He was born in 1836.

Must Praise Hood's



"I was troubled with Dyspepsia, and was in such a condition I could not walk. In a week after I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

I Felt Better

Since taking four bottles I am perfectly cured—never felt better in my life. I can work hard, eat heartily and sleep well. My wife says there is nothing like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Can't help praising Hood's." JOHN W. SNYDER, Saville, Pennsylvania.

Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Indigestion.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Tuesday and the day of the long projected german had come, and if ever a lot of garrison people were wishing themselves well out of a flurry it was the social circle at Sibley. Invitations had been sent to all the prominent people in town who had shown any interest in the garrison since the regiment's arrival; beautiful favors had been procured; an elaborate supper had been prepared, the ladies contributing their efforts to the salads and other solids, the officers wisely confining their donations to the wines. It was rumored that new and original figures were to be danced, and much had been said about this feature in town, and much speculation had been indulged in, but the Beaubien residence had been closed until the previous day. Nina was away with her mother and beyond reach of question, and Mr. Jerrold had not shown his face in town since her departure.

Nor was he accessible when visitors inquired at the fort. They had never known such mysterious army people in their lives. What on earth could induce them to be so close mouthed about a mere german? One might suppose they had something worth concealing, and presently it became noised abroad that there was genuine cause for perplexity, and possibly worse.

To begin with, every one at Sibley now knew something of the night adventure at the colonel's, and as no one could give the true statement of the case the stories in circulation were gorgeous embellishments of the actual facts. It would be useless, even if advisable, to attempt to reproduce these wild theories, but never was army garrison so tumultuously stirred by the whirlwind of rumor. It was no longer denied for an instant that the absence of the colonel and his household was the direct result of that night's discoveries, and when, to Mrs. Hoyt's inexpressible relief, there came a prettily worded note from Alice on Monday evening informing her that neither the colonel nor her mother felt well enough to return to Sibley for the german, and that she herself preferred not to leave her mother at a time when she needed her care, Mrs. Hoyt and her intimates, with whom she instantly conferred, decided that there could be no doubt whatever that the colonel knew of the affair, had forbidden their return and was only waiting for further evidence to decide what was to be done with his erring stepdaughter. Women talked with bated breath of the latest stories in circulation, of Chester's moody silence and preoccupation, of Jerrold's ostracism and of Frank Armitage's sudden return.

On Monday morning the captain had quietly appeared in uniform at the office, and it was known that he had relinquished the remainder of his leave of absence and resumed command of his company. There were men in the garrison who well knew that it was because of the mystery overhanging the colonel's household that Armitage had so suddenly returned. They asked no questions and sought no explanation. All men marked, however, that Jerrold was not at the office on Monday, and many curiously looked at the morning report in the adjutant's office. No, he was not in arrest. Neither was he on sick report. He was marked present for duty, and yet he was not at the customary assembly of all the commissioned officers at headquarters. More mystery, and most exasperating, too, it was known that Armitage and Jerrold had held a brief talk in the latter's quarters soon after Sunday's evening parade and that the former had been re-enforced for a time by Captain Chester, with whom he was afterward closeted. Officers who heard that he had suddenly returned and was at Chester's went speedily to the latter's quarters—at least two or three did—and were met by a servant at the door, who said that the gentlemen had just gone out the back way. And, sure enough, neither Chester nor Armitage came home until long after taps, and then the colonel's cook told several people that the two gentlemen had spent over an hour up stairs in the colonel's and Miss Alice's room and "was foolin around the house till near 10 o'clock."

Another thing that added to the flame of speculation and curiosity was this. Two of the ladies, returning from a moonlit stroll on the terrace just after tattoo, came through the narrow passageway on the west side of the colonel's quarters, and there, at the foot of the little flight of steps leading up to the parade, they came suddenly upon Captain Chester, who was evidently only moderately pleased to see them and nervously anxious to expedite their onward movement. With the perversity of both sexes, however, they stopped to chat and inquire what he was doing there, and in the midst of it all a faint light gleamed on the opposite wall, and the reflection of the curtains in Alice Renwick's window was distinctly visible. Then a sturdy masculine shadow appeared, and there was a rustling above, and then, with exasperating, mysterious and epigrammatic terseness, a deep voice propounded the utterly senseless question:

"How's that?"

To which, in great embarrassment, Chester replied:

"Hold on a minute. I'm talking with some interested spectators."

Whereat the shadow of the big man shot out of sight, and the ladies found that it was useless to remain—there would be no further developments so long as they did—and so they came away, with many a lingering backward look. "But the idea of asking such a fool question as 'How's that?' Why couldn't the man say what he meant?"

It was gathered, however, that Armitage and Chester had been making some experiments that bore in some measure on the mystery. And all this time Mr. Jerrold was in his quarters, only a stone's throw away. How interested he must have been!

But while the garrison was relieved at knowing that Alice Renwick would not be on hand for the german, and it was being fondly hoped she might never return to the post, there was still another grievous embarrassment. How about Mr. Jerrold?

He had been asked to lead when the german was first projected and had accepted. That was fully two weeks before, and now—no one knew just what ought to be done. It was known that Nina Beaubien had returned on the previous day from a brief visit to the upper lakes, and that she had a costume of ravishing beauty in which to carry desolation to the hearts of the garrison belles in leading that german with Mr. Jerrold. Old Mme. Beaubien had been reluctant, said her city friends, to return at all. She heartily disapproved of Mr. Jerrold and was bitterly set against Nina's growing infatuation for him. But Nina was headstrong and determined. Moreover, she was far more than a match for her mother's vigilance, and it was known at Sibley that two or three times the girl had been out at the fort with the Suttons and other friends when the old lady believed her in quarters totally different.

Cub Sutton had confided to Captain Wilton that Mme. Beaubien was in total ignorance of the fact that there was to be a party at the doctor's the night he had driven out with Nina and his sister; that Nina had "pulled the wool over her mother's eyes" and made her believe she was going to spend the evening with friends in town, naming a family with whom the Beaubiens were intimate. A long drive always made the old lady sleepy, and as she had accompanied Nina to the fort that afternoon she went early to bed, having secured her wild birdling, as she supposed, from possibility of further meetings with Jerrold. For nearly a week, said Cub, Mme. Beaubien had dogged Nina so that she could not get a moment with the man with whom she was evidently so smitten, and the girl was almost at her wits' end with seeing the depth of his flirtation with Alice Renwick and the knowledge that on the morrow her mother would spirit her off to the cool breezes and blue waves of the great lake. Cub said she so worked on Fanny's feelings that they put up the scheme together and made him bring them out. Gad, if old Maman only found it out, there'd be no more germans for Nina! She'd ship her off to the good Sisters at Creve-Cœur and slap her into a convent and leave all her money to the church.

And yet, said city society, old Maman idolized her beautiful daughter and could deny her no luxury or indulgence. She dressed her superbly, though with a somewhat barbaric taste, where Nina's own good sense and eastern teaching did not interfere. What she feared was that the girl would fall in love with some adventurer or—what was quite as bad—some army man who would carry her darling away to Arizona or other inaccessible spot. Her plan was that Nina should marry here—at home—some one of the staid young merchant princes rising into prominence in the western metropolis, and from the very outset Nina had shown a singular infatuation for the buttons and straps and music and heaven knows what all out at the fort. She gloried in seeing her daughter prominent in all scenes of social life. She rejoiced in her triumphs and took infinite pains with all preparations.

She would have set her foot against Nina's simply dancing the german at the fort with Jerrold as a partner, but she could not resist it that the papers should announce on Sunday morning that "the event of the season at Fort Sibley was the german given last Tuesday night by the ladies of the garrison and led by the lovely Miss Beaubien" with Lieutenant or Captain Anybody. There were a dozen bright, graceful, winning women among the dames and damsels at the fort, and Alice Renwick was a famous beauty by this time. It was more than Maman Beaubien could withstand that her Nina should "lead" all these, and so her consent was won. Back they came from Chequamegon, and the stately home on Summit avenue reopened to receive them. It was Monday noon when they returned, and by 3 o'clock Fanny Sutton had told Nina Beaubien what she knew of the wonderful rumors that were floating in from Sibley. She was more than half disposed to be in love with Jerrold herself. She expected a proper amount of womanly horror, incredulity and indignation, but she was totally unprepared for the outburst that followed. Nina was transformed into a tragedy queen on the instant, and poor, simple hearted, foolish Fanny Sutton was almost scared out of her small wits by the fire of denunciation and fury with which her story was greeted. She came home with white, frightened face and hunted up Cub and told him that she had been telling Nina some of the queer things the ladies had been saying about Mr. Jerrold, and Nina almost tore her to pieces, and could he go right out to the fort to see Mr. Jerrold? Nina wanted to send a note at once, and if he couldn't go she had made her promise that she would get somebody to go instantly and to come back and let her know before 4 o'clock.

Cub was always glad of an excuse to go out to the fort, but a coldness had sprung up between him and Jerrold. He had heard the ugly rumors in that mysterious way in which all such things are heard, and while his shallow pate could not quite conceive of such a monstrous scandal, and he did not believe half he heard, he sagely felt that in the presence of so much smoke there was surely some fire and avoided the man from whom he had been inseparable. Of course he had not spoken to him on the subject, and, singularly enough, this was the case with all the officers at the post except Armitage and the commander. It was understood that the matter was in Chester's hands, to do with as was deemed best. It was believed that his resignation had been tendered, and all these 48 hours since the story might be said to be fairly before the public Jerrold had been left much to himself and was presumably in the depths of dismay.

One or two men, urged by their wives, who thought it was really time something were done to let him understand he ought not to lead the german, had gone to see him and been refused admission. Asked from within what they wanted, the reply was somewhat difficult to frame and in both cases resolved itself into "Oh, about the german," to which Jerrold's voice was heard to say: "The german's all right. I'll lead if I'm well enough and am not bothered to death meantime. But I've got some private matters to attend to and am not seeing anybody today." And with this answer they were fain to be content. It had been settled, however, that the officers were to tell Captain Chester at 10 o'clock that in their opinion Mr. Jerrold ought not to be permitted to attend so long as this mysterious charge hung over him, and Mr. Rollins had been notified that he must be ready to lead.

Poor Rollins! He was in sore perplexity. He wanted nothing better than to dance with Nina Beaubien. He wondered if she would lead with him or would even come at all when she learned that Jerrold would be unable to attend. "Sickness" was to be the ostensible cause, and in the youth and innocence of his heart Rollins never supposed that Nina would hear of all the other assignable reasons. He meant to ride in and call upon her Monday evening; but, as ill luck would have it, old Sloat, who was officer of the day, stepped on a round pebble as he was going down the long flight to the railway station and sprained his ankle. Just at 5 o'clock Rollins got orders to relieve him and was returning from the guardhouse when who should come driving in but Cub Sutton, and Cub reined up and asked where he would be apt to find Mr. Jerrold.

"He isn't well and has been denying himself to all callers today," said Rollins shortly.

"Well, I've got to see him or at least get a note to him," said Cub. "It's from Miss Beaubien and requires an answer."

"You know the way to his quarters, I presume," said Rollins coldly. "You have been there frequently. I will have a man hold your horse, or you can tie him there at the rail, just as you please."

"Thanks. I'll go over, I believe." And go he did, and poor Rollins was then to resist the temptation of watching whether the magic name of Nina would open the door. It did not, but he saw Cub hand in the little note through the shutters, and ere long there came another from within. This Cub stowed in his waistcoat pocket and drove off with, and Rollins walked jealously homeward. But that evening he went through a worse experience, and it was the last blow to his budding passion for sparkling eyed Nina.

It was nearly tattoo and a dark night when Chester suddenly came in.

"Rollins, you remember my telling you I was sure some of the men had been getting liquor in from the shore down below the station and 'running it' that way? I believe we can nab the smuggler this evening. There's a boat down there now. The corporal has just told me."

Smuggling liquor was one of Chester's horrors. He surrounded the post with a cordon of sentries who had no higher duty apparently than that of preventing the entrance of alcohol in any form. He had run a "red cross" crusade against the post trader's store in the matter of light wines and small beer, claiming that only adulterated stuff was sold to the men and forbidding the sale of anything stronger than "pop" over the trader's counter. Then, when it became apparent that liquor was being brought on the reservation, he made vigorous efforts to break up the practice. Colonel Maynard rather poohpoohed the whole business. It was his theory that a man who was determined to have a drink might better be allowed to take an honest one, coram publico, than a smuggled and deleterious article, but he succumbed to the rule that only "light wines and beer" should be sold at the store and was lenient to the poor devils who overloaded and deranged their stomachs in consequence. But Chester no sooner found himself in command than he launched into the crusade with redoubled energy and spent hours of the day and night trying to capture invaders of the reservation with a bottle in their pockets. The bridge was guarded, so was the crossing of the Clondwater to the south, and so were the two roads entering from the north and west, and yet there was liquor coming in, and as though "to give Chester a benefit" some of the men in barracks had a royal old spree on Saturday night, and the captain was sorer headed than any of the participants in consequence. In some way he heard that a rowboat came up at night and landed supplies of contraband down by the riverside out of sight and hearing of the sentry at the railway station, and it was thither he hurriedly led Rollins this Monday evening.

They turned across the railway on reaching the bottom of the long stairs and scrambled down the rocky embankment on the other side, Rollins following in reluctant silence and holding his sword so that it would not rattle, but he had no faith in the theory of smugglers. He felt in some vague and unsatisfactory way a sense of discomfort and anxiety over his captain's late proceedings, and his stealthy descent seemed fraught with ill omen.

Once down in the flats, their footsteps made no noise in the yielding sand, and all was silence save for the clash of the waters along the shores. Far down the river were the reflections of one or two twinkling lights, and close under the bank in the slack water a few stars were peeping at their own images, but no boat was there, and the captain led still farther to a little copse of willow, and there in the shadows, sure enough, was a rowboat, with a little lantern dimly burning, half hidden in the stern.

Not only that, but as they halted at the edge of the willows the captain put forth a warning hand and cautioned silence. No need. Rollins' straining eyes were already fixed on two figures that were standing in the shadows not 10 feet away—one that of a tall, slender man, the other a young girl. It was a moment before Rollins could recognize either, but in that moment the girl had turned suddenly, had thrown her arms about the neck of the tall young man,

The girl had thrown her arms about the neck of the tall young man.

and with her head pillowed on his breast was gazing up in his face.

"Kiss me once more, Howard. Then I must go," they heard her whisper.

Rollins seized the captain's sleeve and strove, sick at heart, to pull him back, but Chester stoutly stood his ground. In the few seconds more that they remained they saw his arms more closely infold her. They saw her turn at the brink, and in an utter abandonment of rapturous, passionate love throw her arms again about his neck and stand on tiptoe to reach his face with her warm lips. They could not fail to hear the caressing tone of her every word or to mark his receptive but gloomy silence. They could not mistake the voice, the form, shadowy though it was. The girl was Nina Beaubien and the man beyond question Howard Jerrold.

They saw him hand her into the light skiff and hurriedly kiss her good night. Once again, as though she could not leave him, her arms were thrown about his neck, and she clung to him with all her strength. Then the little boat swung slowly out into the stream, the sculls were shipped, and with practiced hand Nina Beaubien pulled forth into the swirling waters of the river, and the faint light, like slowly setting star, floated downward with the sweeping tide and finally disappeared beyond the point.

Then Jerrold turned to leave, and Chester stepped forth and confronted him:

"Mr. Jerrold, did I not instruct you to confine yourself to your quarters until satisfactory explanation was made of the absences with which you are charged?"

Jerrold started at the abrupt and unlooked for greeting, but his answer was prompt:

"Not at all, sir. You gave me to understand that I was to remain here—not to leave the post—until you had decided on certain points, and though I do not admit the justice of your course, and though you have put me to grave inconvenience, I obeyed the order. I needed to go to town today on urgent business, but between you and Captain Armitage am in no condition to go. For all this, sir, there will come proper retribution when my colonel returns. And now, sir, you are spying upon me—spying, I say—and it only confirms what I said of you before."

"Silence, Mr. Jerrold! This is insubordination."

"I don't care a d—n what it is, sir! There is nothing contemptuous enough for me to say of you or your conduct to me"——

"Not another word, Mr. Jerrold! Go to your quarters in arrest. Mr. Rollins, you are witness to this language."

But Rollins was not. Turning from the spot in blankness of heart before a word was uttered between them, he followed the waning light with eyes full of yearning and trouble. He trudged his way down along the sandy shore until he came to the silent waters of the slough and could go no farther, and then he sat him down and covered his face with his hands. It was pretty hard to bear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Massachusetts avenue lady wanted a coachman, and one was recommended whom she interviewed.

"I want a very safe and careful driver," she said.

"That's me, mum," responded the applicant, confidently.

"I'm nervous about horses and I don't want to drive fast, and I don't want to go 'round the corners with a whirl."

"I know, mum, just what you wants. Then was my orders before, mum."

"Where were you engaged last?"

"Drivin' a hearse, mum."

He got the place and is giving excellent satisfaction.—Washington Star.

THE FATAL THIRTEEN.

A Story, Which May Not Be True, That Will Be Food For the Superstitious.

Thirteen members of the Sprudel Fishing club of Buffalo defied the old superstition one sultry day last August, embarked in a yacht belonging to one of the party and made a day of it down the river. They visited some of the pleasure resorts on Grand island, ate a fine lunch, drank much beer and returned to the city about 10 o'clock in the evening. As evidence of what they had done they sat before a photographer at Sour Spring Grove and had a group picture made. The photograper was ordered to strike off 13 copies, one for each member, and then destroy the negative.

The Sprudels is a great social-political organization of Buffalo. It has nearly 1,000 members. Last winter it secured the big Broadway arsenal and gave a ball for charity, which was attended by 10,000 people.

The 13 men who made the trip were all comparatively young men, not one over 42, and all robust and healthy. Within two months three of them have died suddenly. The first of the 13 to go was Michael North, a wholesale cigar dealer. He caught cold in the early winter, had a hemorrhage of the lungs and died suddenly. He was 42 years old and a man of strong constitution. About two weeks later the Sprudels were shocked to learn of the sudden death of Albert Baetzhold. He went into the street while in a heated condition after a contest in a bowling alley, caught cold and was carried off by pneumonia in two days. He was 31 years old, nearly 6 feet high, weighed 180 pounds and had the red cheeks of a girl. The third to die was the man of all the members of the club whom an insurance company would pick out as the best risk. He was Herman H. Kamper, an amateur athlete, a man who never dissipated, 6 feet tall, splendidly proportioned and 30 years old. Pneumonia killed him in two days.

The rest of the 13 began to feel uncomfortable. One day, while looking at the picture taken at Sour Spring Grove, it struck John Schwabl as a remarkable fact that the three men who had died stood in the front row in the picture. He communicated his discovery to the others. When the picture was taken, the men stood four in row, with the thirteenth man in the rear.—Buffalo Dispatch in New York Sun.

WHO IS "TELEMAQUE?"

The Mysterious Individual Who Staked Count Boniface and Caught On.

Here is the first explanation of a hitherto inexplicable circumstance of the Gould-Castellane marriage:

Among the guests at that most advertised of American marriages was a man, newly rich, not distinguished for elegance of manner, breadth of education or for anything save an inordinate and abnormal itch to "get into society" and a monumental cheek in furthering an ambition not uncommon to people of his antecedents.

But he was there, and all the Four Hundred looked on and wondered, especially those that were not invited.

It turns out now that this hearty old buck of humble origin, small beginnings and unbounded aspirations got his invitation to the wedding through Count Boniface de Castellane, the bridegroom.

As everybody knows, Count Boniface had very little money prior to his marriage with the American heiress.

He was forced to borrow.

He was short of collateral or other material security, but his social position was valuable in the eyes of the man to whom I have referred.

The latter came to the count's assistance and indorsed his notes to the amount of $200,000, I am told, and thereafter was the count's bosom friend.

Wherever the Count Castellane was, there was "the little joker," and of course he got an invitation to the wedding, and of course he went.

You can bet that this particular example of the newly rich never misses a trick in his social game.

And such is the complex and heterogeneous character of our social fabric that, in spite of certain drawbacks, like the insect without wings, he will get there just the same.

I have not mentioned by name this charming friend of the noble Count de Castellane, but for an appropriate cognomen I'll dub him Telemaque.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

A Battle Over Whiskers.

St. Louis is the scene of a lively battle between organized employers and the waiters in hotels and restaurants, etc. It is the same old strife over whiskers. The employers want the men to be clean shaven, and the employees refuse to allow the hirsute adornment which covers their faces to be removed. The trouble has even extended to the hackmen and coachmen, who have combined with the waiters and have taken a firm stand against allowing their whiskers to be removed.

They have been seeking to obtain the sympathy of the labor organizations of St. Louis, but the members of the Barbers' union are against them and are ready to cut the objectionable whiskers off, shave them off, chop them off—in short, anything to remove them.

The legislature has taken a hand in the trouble, and two bills have been introduced, one requiring all waiters in hotels, restaurants, etc., to be clean shaven and the other making it a misdemeanor for an employer to discriminate against an employee who wears a beard.—Albany Argus.

Not In His District.

During the last campaign the candidates were all obliged to run the gantlet of raffle tickets, church fair tickets, subscriptions, etc. One of the mayoralty candidates was approached by a tall, motherly looking lady, who sweetly solicited money for the missionaries in Africa.

"Africa," exclaimed the candidate, "not a cent. It is out of my district."—Wilkesbarre Leader.

THE LONDON JOHNNIES.

Sons of British Noblemen Shock Polite Society by Their Goings On.

Polite society in London has had another severe shock in the announcement that one of the most eligible young men in the matrimonial market has engaged himself to a pert young person playing a second rate part at the Gaiety theater. The gentleman is Majoribanks, the eldest son of Lord Tweedmouth, one of the wealthiest of peers, and the lady is Miss Birdie Sutherland, better known perhaps as the sister of Lily Harold, the comedienne and singer of plantation songs, at present gracing the Drury Lane pantomime. Nobody has ventured to suggest that these two young women are not as good and virtuous as they are undeniably pretty, and it is a fact that they reside in a genteel suburb with their widowed mother and frequently take part in local church charity concerts, but all that, with additional proof of severe respectability afforded by the fact that their father was a clerk in the Bank of England, is scarcely sufficient to justify their ambition to contract an alliance with a family the head of which is a member of the British cabinet.

Lord Tweedmouth asked newspaper men in the commons lobby to contradict the report of his son's engagement, from which it may be assumed that he succeeded in arranging matters. But it would not be at all surprising if the match would be ratified after all. Young Majoribanks, who is familiarly known to the habitues of the Gaiety theater as "the Skipper," celebrated his majority the other day.

This infatuation is probably the result of the latest fad among the London Johnnies, who indulge in exciting rivalry to score the highest possible number of attendances in the front row of the stalls where the most popular entertainment is given. There is declared to be the finest aggregation of female loveliness just now in "The Shopgirl" on the Gaiety theater stage that was ever achieved in London. The same individuals fill the front stalls night after night. They are either very young or very old, but the young ones predominate. The Sun reporter in the lobby the other evening heard young Majoribanks boast to another sprig of nobility that it was his sixty-second attendance. The other appeared quite crestfallen. He said it was only his forty-fifth.—London Cor. New York Sun.

RED TAPE IN FRANCE.

While Officials Are Tied Up With It the Statue of Puget Is Minus a Nose.

British red tapeism is bad to beat, but the record just now is with Paris. There the front of the Ecole des Beaux Arts is adorned with a statue of Puget, the once famous tenor. Four years ago a passerby made the discovery that the statue's nose had come off. He called the attention of the policeman on duty to the fact. The policeman reported to his brigadier, who reported to the commissary of the quarter, who reported to the prefecture of police. The prefecture of police decided that the nose had dropped off the statue and had not been maliciously knocked off. The matter therefore concerned the prefecture of the Seine. It was then August, 1891. In October a committee of three was appointed to decide which department had to put the nose on again. The committee inspected the statue in January, 1892, and reported in December that they were unable to report.

In February, 1893, this report reached the department of public works. The head of a room found it in June and made the lives of his subordinates so many burdens to them with it. Somehow or other it got into print that but for this zealous official there would be hardly a statue in France and in Navarre with its nose on. In July he was decorated for special services. Somebody else took up the report. Between January and December, 1894, it had got into parliament. On Feb. 25, 1895, the house sat upon it, and MM. Jaures and Carnaud got off some virulent attacks upon the government for its want of public spirit. The next day the same passerby who had reported absence of the nose happened to pass by again. He discovered that the nose had not been replaced. He reported to the policeman on duty, who, etc. The nose of Puget is in for another round.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Redheaded at the Age of 103.

General M. Scott, who resides in the township of Shieldsville, Rice county, is 103 years of age. For upward of 30 years he has been a Rice county farmer. He had some business transactions in Faribault yesterday that required his presence, and he came to the city on horseback, a distance of 12 miles. Mr. Scott never wears an overcoat nor overshoes, he walks as briskly as a man in middle life, and never wears glasses. His hair, which was always red, has not turned gray, but his whiskers and mustache are white.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Costly Campaign.

In consequence of M. Dreyfus' treason in supplying Germany with the secrets of the French plans of mobilization, says a Paris correspondent, the government has just spent more than $400,000 in changing all the essential features of the schemes for placing troops in case of war. It has been found that fully 15 per cent of the men drafted for the Madagascar expedition are physically unfit for the arduous service, and their places are being filled. Already it is apparent that the campaign will cost $25,000,000 instead of $13,000,000.

A Discovery.

It has remained for the public library committee of the English town of Ealing to discover that Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel, "The Manxman," is a highly improper and immoral book. The committee have unanimously voted to withdraw it from circulation. The clergyman who is chairman denounced it as disgraceful. A woman member declared it to be shameful.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 27, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Mr. Nat C. Goodwin.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Marie Wainwright.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The New Boy."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Linsey-Woolsey."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"The Passing Show."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Chauncey Olcott.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The White Squadron."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

HOW ENGLAND ROBS IRELAND.

Mr. Murrough O'Brien, a land commissioner residing in Dublin, has contributed a very important paper to the Royal Commission examining into the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland, which has set many of even the anti-national element in Ireland a thinking. Mr. O'Brien, in his paper, stated much that was known before, but he has also brought out new facts, and these make the conduct of the government of Great Britain toward the subject country absolutely fraudulent and inexcusable.

In the course of his interesting document, Mr. O'Brien says: "When any community is subordinately connected with another the great danger of the connection is the extreme pride and self-complacency of the superior, which in all matters of controversy will, probably, decide in its own favor." Mr. O'Brien proceeds to state that at the time of the union Ireland contributed to the imperial revenue 2-17ths of the whole, in spite of the remonstrances of a large portion of the Irish lords and commons. After passing over the action of the Irish peers opposed to the union, and of the justification of their forecast, that even 100 Irish members at Westminster would be powerless to protect Irish interests, the paper proceeds to point out that in 1800 the debt of Great Britain was £42 per head, whilst that of Ireland was £5 12s. Ireland's pre-Union debt was less than the 1-21st part of the total debt of the two kingdoms, whereas after seventeen years of British management it rose to between 1-8th and 1-9th. Several select committees failed to disentangle the public accounts of this period, but it was clear that they were neither framed nor kept in accordance with the Treaty of Union, and it was more than probable that in addition to the fiscal burden in excess of her capacity laid upon her, Ireland was separately charged with loans which should have been debted to the two countries jointly. At any rate Ireland became bankrupt in seventeen years, and taxation was raised to the highest possible point, and she was then unable to meet the charges laid on her. The amalgamation of the exchequers was brought about in 1817, since which time the taxation of the two countries has been gradually assimilated, and with a few trifling exceptions, Mr. O'Brien says: "Indiscriminate taxation now prevails throughout the United Kingdom." On comparing Great Britain's and Ireland's economic position, the paper mentions that "Ireland, the poorest and least progressive country in civilized Europe, the only one whose population has for forty years been continually diminishing, is fiscally linked with the richest country in the world. She is taxed, and her revenue is spent, as if she were an integral part of Great Britain, although her circumstances, her economic and social condition, and her needs are wholly different." In the Treaty of Union the 7th article provided that, after twenty years the just proportion of each country's contribution to the revenue should be ascertained by a comparison of each country's income from the produce of a general tax, if such had been imposed. However, no such tax existed until 1853, when the income tax was extended to Ireland, but her contribution was not fixed upon that basis. If it had been she would not now be paying four millions instead of eight millions—one twenty-fourth instead of one-twelfth of the imperial revenue. On the authority of the treasury in a parliamentary paper giving the financial relations of Ireland, England and Scotland for the years 1889-90-91-92, it would appear that Ireland contributes less per head year by year to the imperial services, and that Great Britain would be no loser if Ireland's contribution to the imperial revenue were fixed considerably under two millions sterling, and the balance of her actual revenue handed over to an Irish local authority to be spent as it saw fit. According to these returns, while £6,000,000 was spent on Irish services in 1891-2 her contribution to imperial services was only £1,882,000. But these treasury estimates are largely fallacious, for under the head of imperial services, absorbing £62,000,000 of the total revenue, and the greater part being spent in England, are various items from which Ireland derives no benefit whatever and many disadvantages, and under the head of Irish services are large sums which should be classed as British or imperial, for although the expenditure is in Ireland, it is made for imperial reasons and not for the benefit of Irish citizens."

One of the most interesting points made by Mr. O'Brien in his argument is that Ireland, through circumstances needless to dwell upon, is a poor country, purely agricultural and pastoral, and does not need the costly army and navy required by Great Britain for defense. Yet she is compelled to pay a large share of the burden, and receives no corresponding advantage. It is difficult, of course, to make Englishmen see this—they never see anything that doesn't suit their line of observation, and, no doubt, Ireland will continue to pay the imperial piper, as of old, while the present political connection lasts. Mr. O'Brien expressed the opinion that the location of the parliament at Westminster is very injurious to Ireland in many respects, and that Irishmen, no more benefit from imperial public buildings located in London, than if they were situated in New York. Objection is also made to the diplomatic, consular, and packet services, and all charges arising frrom the maintenance of establishments for the same purpose in both Dublin and London. The principal charge, however, to which objection may well be taken is that for the police, which is mainly an imperial service, maintained admittedly for British reasons at a cost far in excess of the requirements of Ireland, where, under a much stricter criminal code, in proportion to the population, there is less crime than in the rest of the United Kingdom. The cost of police per head in England is 2s 8d, in Ireland 6s 8d. This, certainly, is an outrageous difference in cost, but Ireland has to grin and bear it just the same. In concluding his paper, Mr. O'Brien says:

"As to Ireland's chief industry, farming, she suffers far more than England from the agricultural depression which is admitted to exist there. There is no reason why she should not. The climate of Ireland is very much the same as that of England; the principal crops grown are of the same kind, but English conditions and markets make better farming profitable, and the growth of fruit, flowers, vegetables, and hops possible and profitable. Owing to the large urban population, the English farmer has better markets within easy reach, and his produce is worth more than the Irish farmer's at the points of final consumption, the large English towns: for the Irish farmer has to bear the cost and risk of carriage. The English farmer has a more abundant supply of manure from the large towns and villages, and can, therefore, farm more highly and grow heavier crops. He can get his feeding stuffs, artificial manures, agricultural implements, and appliances more cheaply than the Irish farmers; for most of these things are imported to Ireland from England. Above all, the English farmer rents his land fully equipped with buildings, roads, gates, fences, and thoroughly drained. The farm equipments are renewed and maintained by the landowner often out of other resources than the rental of the agricultural estate."

JOHN BULL.

John Bull is a pirate on the high seas, and a brigand on land. The war on the Indian frontier between English troops and the tribesmen, proves that John Bull does not always succeed in "suppressing the savages." Malakand Pass has been captured by the British, but it took them four hours to gain a doubtful victory over the Swatis, Mullahs, and Umra Khan's supporters. It was a desperate fight. Sungars or stone breastworks had been constructed by the tribesmen; and these had to be carried at the point of the bayonet. More than one hundred Britishers were killed by the bayonets of the Indian troops, and one hundred wounded. Umra Khan killed three English officers. He retreated to Mandar, where he is collecting a large number of armed forces in order to oppose the British advance. His army captured two British officers, and seven Sepoy prisoners. The names of these officers are Lieuts. Edwards and Fowler, concerning whose wherebouts nothing has been heard. Umra Khan has ordered Safdar Khan of Nawazia to produce all his fighting forces to aid him in opposing those of the Britishers.

Gen. Robert Low, who commands the central expedition, telegraphs from the foot of Jambatai Pass, which he is about to cross, that news had reached him regarding the British garrison in the Chitral fort. The garrison is hard pressed by the tribesmen, who on April 16 carried the mines within ten yards of the fort. Gen. Gateacre, the commander of the Second brigade, who is advancing upon Bir, is pushing forward with all possible speed. The news received at Simla justifies the fears of the British that the efforts to relieve Mr. Robertson and his companions in the fort will prove to be too late.

LATER.—The cable says the rescue has been affected.

IRELAND'S STORY AND SONGS.

All indications point to a very large gathering of the Irish-American people of this city, and their friends of other races, at Central Music Hall next Monday evening, April 29, when John F. Finerty and M. J. Murphy will deliver their lecture on "The Story and Songs of Ireland." The splendid band of the Seventh Regiment, I.N.G., under the leadership of Prof Forrest, will open the exercises with a selection of stirring Irish music.

Mr. Finerty, in dealing with the lecture, will speak on the salient points of Irish history, which are grouped into five periods, as will be seen by reference to the programme. In pursuing his subject, he must, of necessity, deal somewhat with the annals of England, of France and America, in so far as they are connected with that of Ireland; but all will be treated as succinctly as possible, in order that the discourse may not exceed a reasonable length.

Mr. Murphy's singing will come in at intervals, by way of illustrating the periods spoken of by Mr. Finerty. In this way, the different epochs will be pleasantly perioded, and the tedium of an unbroken utterance will be avoided. It will be the first time that an Irish subject will have been treated in this manner in Chicago, and the novelty will, necessarily, lend additional interest to the event.

As the lecture will comprise much of the martial history of Ireland and the Irish race, the Irish-American military organizations—the Seventh Regiment, I.N.G., and Clan-na-Gael Guards—are taking a cordial interest in the matter, both officers and men.

The main object of the entertainment is to revive interest in the matter of Irish history and song, and to make the American public of all races and creeds more familiar with both. The wider the constituency of the Irish cause in this country and throughout the world, the better will be Ireland's chance for liberty when the difficulties of her relentless oppressor will finally give her the opportunity she has prayed and hoped for through centuries of wrong.

THE MEN WHO WILL LEAD IF WAR COMES.

[*Contributed.*]

Considering the immense strides in military science resulting in the late invention of smokeless powder and improved magazine rifles, it is beyond all doubt that the next European war will surpass all preceding ones in its destruction of life, and its far-reaching consequences. Reflecting thus, one's thoughts revert to the question as to what generals will direct the European armies. Many new men will come to the front, who are now unknown, because war is the soldier's opportunity of bringing to the surface, and developing his capacity and genius.

Germany, whose military forces are credited with being the best organized in the world, has one of the great war generals of 1870 to lead her cohorts. Von Blumenthal, the last of the old regime, has resigned from active service. Very much distinguished in his day, especially as a strategist, he will be of no avail except in an advisory capacity during the coming struggle.

Von Waldersee to day is foremost in the ranks of German officers. He has seen service, and done good fighting in the war against Denmark in 1864, and took part also in the Prusso-Austrian compaign of 1866. During 1870-'71 he was chief of the staff to the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. In a great sense he is looked upon as an evolution of the fall of Bismarck. He had a serious dispute with the late chancellor over the the artillery estimates in the early part of 1889. And yet it is true that during the reign of the late emperor, William, he was rather the protege of Bismarck, who encouraged the emperor to advance Waldersee, whose appointment as assistant to Generalissimo Von Moltke put him in a direct line of promotion to the highest post in the army. The confidence which Von Moltke had in Von Waldersee's capacity; and the advantage the latter enjoyed for so long as the associate and deputy of the illustrious field marshal would certainly justify, it seems, his advancement to the position of chief of the staff. Curiously enough he was in temporary banishment when Von Moltke died, and was summoned by William II to assume the command of the army.

Waldersee's career is a remarkable instance of successful ambition; for it is known that the constant ambition of his life has been to reach the goal of success. American gold has had no small share in enabling him to attain his ends, for the influence which wealth undoubtedly gave him, and which contributed to his advancement, was obtained through his marriage to an American lady, the widow of Prince Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein.

France will look to General Gallifet, military governor of Paris, when the war is inaugurated, with feelings more of hope than to any other of her military men. While he is not likely to take supreme command—at least at the commencement of hostilities—for actual hard fighting and feats of valor he is certain to gain distinction. Essentially a picturesque figure, and invested with all the typical valor of a mythical knight of arms he is entirely free from the vulgar theatrical attributes of Boulanger. Though not a hero of the masses in the sense that Boulanger was, his noble origin won him the special affection of the aristocracy. Gen. Gallifet's heroic performances in 1870 have established his reputation on a durable foundation. On the fatal field of Sedan, Gallifet, at the head of his cavalry brigade, charged against the German troops with such reckless fury and astounding valor that Emperor William cried aloud to the officers of his staff, as he and they watched with astonishment the onslaught of the French cavalry: "Ah! the brave fellows—how they rush to their death!" Taken prisoner at Sedan, Gallifet offered himself for a Prussian officer, and agreed to go back to the French army as a private, but Emperor William declined to accept his offer.

General Mirabei is the most distinguished among the scientific French officers. He is somewhat of the Von Moltke school, being erudite. He has been a close student of the descriptions of fights on battlefields. His services during the siege of Paris were very useful. Mirabel is an artillery officer. He was all through the Crimean compaign, and served in Mexico and in the Italo-Franco-Austrian campaign of 1866. The reorganization of the French army accomplished within the last few years was largely planned and supervised by General Mirabel. Silent and thoughtful, he is no hero of the people. Yet it must not be forgotten that a man of Mirabel's stamp constitutes after all the brains of an army.

General Saussier has never been specially notable. In the Franco-German war he was only a colonel of the line, but fought bravely, especially at the battle of Borny. In the campaign of the Crimea he was captured by the Russians. He escaped under dramatic circumstances from a fortress in Silesia. During the height of the Boulanger riots Saussier, who was then the military governor of Paris, displayed unusual activity in dealing with the crisis, and prevented the projected coup d'etat of General Boulanger. He is now commander-in-chief of the French army.

Of all the famous generals who commanded in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 only one survives. That is General Gourko, the hero of the Shipka Pass. Like Gallifet in France, Gourko is a cavalry officer. He is the commander of the calvary in the Muscovite army, and would take command in the field. In 1877, when the Russian forces had barely crossed the Pruth, Gourko by a most brilliant reconnaissance had reached the gates of Adrianople. His remarkable feat of forcing his way through the Shipka Pass amid the rigors of winter is one of the greatest military achievements on record. Owing to this march Philipopolis, Sophia and Adrianople fell into the hands of the Russians.

General Kourupatkine, the personal friend of the great lamented Skobeloff, with whom he shared the hardships and dangers of the Russo-Turkish war, will make a greater mark than any other Russian general, when the next tocsin of war is sounded. Like Skobeloff he believes that Britain is the hereditary foe of Russia, and that she must only be combated by force of arms. He is certain that the day must infallibly arrive when the armies of the Czar will be marshalled forth to march upon India. He hopes that the command of the expedition will fall to his share, and he will lead the Muscovite legions across the rugged ranges of Afghanistan and the arid table-lands of the Pamir to the frontiers of British India. Kourupatkine holds to the Panslavistic warrior's creed that the Russian Empire must ever extend its limits.

Austria and Italy are lamentably deficient in the possession of able generals. With the exception of the Archduke Albert we seek in vain for a famous military general in the Austrian army. The Archduke's well known feat of arms at Custozza in the Austro-Italian war was his defence of the Italian quadrilateral against Victor Emmanuel's army.

D.

M'MAHON'S WILL.

The late Marshal MacMahon owned some property in England. The sum was only £70 ($350), but it necessitated the proving of his will in that country. By his will the Marshal leaves to his wife the usufruct of all his shares in interest, in the landed estates and chateau of La Forest, Monthresson, his Paris mansion, No. 70 Rue Bellechasse and its furniture. He bequeathed to his eldest son Patrice the Malakoff flag and the "Sword of Ireland;" the cap pierced by a bullet, to his son Emmanuel; the sword presented to him by the city of Autun, to his daughter Marie; and the pair of pistols given by the late King Victor Emmanuel, to General Broye. The "Sword of Ireland," it may be stated, was a sword of honor presented to the Marshal by A. M. Sullivan and P. J. Smyth on behalf of the Irish people after the battle of Magenta.

The Irish people regarded with no small amount of admiration the military success of MacMahon; and, when the late A. M. Sullivan started in the *Nation* a fund with the object of presenting a sword of honor to the newly-created Marshal, the country responded to the call. A sum of £800 ($4,000) was collected. Mr. Fitzpatrick, the well known artist, supplied a very handsome design for the sword, the manufacture of which was intrusted to Mr. Patrick Donnegan, gold-smith and jeweler, of Dame street, Dublin. The blade was of the Celtic pattern; it was ornamented with Irish tracery copied from old Gaelic MSS, and bore the following inscription in French on the one side, and in Gaelic on the other: "Oppressed Ireland to the brave soldier Patrick Maurice MacMahon, descendant of her ancient kings." A deputation left Ireland to present the Marshal with the sword at Chalons. On Sunday, Sept. 9, 1860; the presentation took place before the Marshal's staff, and a group of officers among whom was Marshal O'Neill (Frenchified into Niel) a descendant of O'Neill of Dungannon. MacMahon replied to the address as follows: "Gentlemen, I am exceedingly touched by the sentiments which you have addressed to me, and I request you to say to the Irishmen, whom you represent, how grateful I feel for the testimony of esteem and sympathy which you offer me in their name. I shall one day leave to my eldest son, Patrice, this magnificent sword. It shall be for him, as it is for me, a new pledge of the close ties which ought to unite him for ever to the noble country of his ancestors."

AT a meeting of the central council of the Gaelic Athletic Association last Sunday the Davitts paid their affiliation fee, which makes ten clubs affiliated; one more club is expected to join at the next meeting. The first games of the season will be played May 5, when the Emmets will play against the Liberators, and the Davitts and Grattans against the Parnells and O'Connells.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR'S fund on behalf of the aged daughters of the famous Irish novelist William Carleton, now exceeds £80. Among the latest subscribers is Dr. Conan Doyle, who contributed three guineas. Other literary folk, who have subscribed, are Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, Mr. W. M. Rosetti, and Mrs. Goldsmith of Brighton, a great-grandniece of Oliver Goldsmith.

THE Norwegians will soon rise in rebellion against the "golden link of the Swedish crown." Their legislature is as independent as that of Sweden; but neither of the parliaments has the power, according to the constitution, of dethroning the king. The Norwegians have secret arsenals containing a hundred thousand barrels of gunpowder and bullets. In other arsenals which were built under ground by the conspirators there are 500 pieces of cannon. The majority of the inhabitants of Norway will support the men who will fight for a Norwegian republic.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S estate valued at $150,008, derived from profits on his books, goes to show that literature pays its best authors very liberally.

MICHAEL DAVITT is on his way to Australia on a lecture tour.

MR. SWEETMAN, a Federationist, resigned his post in the English parliament, and issued an address asking his constituents, the electors of East Wicklow, to return him on the Redmondite ticket. Four candidates will appear on the scene—Sweetman and Langton, Independent Nationalists; a nominee of the McCarthyite party, and Colonel Tottenham, the representative of the Tory party in Wicklow.

AN American society in London celebrated its own formation recently by a dinner at the Cafe Royal. Is it not inconsistent for these republican Americans to have dined in a royal restaurant? Perhaps they were toadies, who usually call themselves Anglo-Saxons. Bayard was present on the occasion. A few months ago this dandy proclaimod himself an Anglo-Saxon. This is a downright inaccuracy. Bayard is originally and exclusively a French family name.

MR. DANIEL MCCALLUM, a prosperous coal merchant in the eastern section of Brooklyn, is about to present Father O'Haire, the pastor, a handsome tower clock for the church of St. Anthony of Padua. Mr. McCallum, who is a native of Ireland, came to this country half a century ago—determined to make a fortune. This Irish lad had none of the world's goods, when he landed in the port of New York. He is now one of the wealthiest merchants in East Brooklyn.

DR. ANNIE PATTERSON lecthred recently on Irish music to the members of the Young Men's Society, in the assembly rooms of the city of Cork. Miss Patterson, who is a patriotic Irish lady, was awarded the diploma of doctor in the art of music. During her lecture she dwelt in eloquent words on the antiquity of Irish music, the art of harp-playing, the story of Dagdha the Trinity College harp popularly known as that of Brian Boru. The music of Irish jigs and reels was given through the medium of a piano. Robert Stewart's arrangement of the "Cruiskeen Lawn," and Balfe's "Angelus Chorus" were given by a magnificent choir, and solos in the Gaelic tongue were rendered by local amateurs.

OBITUARY.

MRS. NELLIE BOYLE.

The readers of THE CITIZEN will regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Nellie Boyle, wife of Mr. William M. Boyle, of restaurant fame, which sad event took place last Sunday at her residence, No. 348 E. Chicago avenue. Mrs. Boyle had been sick for a period of six months, so that her death was not quite unexpected. She was a lady much beloved, genial, charitable and of the sweetest disposition. Her demise, to many of the poor of the city, will be a severe loss, for many a poor home was made happy by her kind and charitable generosity. Part of Mrs. Boyle's life was spent in Utica, N. Y., and Toledo, O., before coming to this city. The funeral took place on Tuesday last from her late residence to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, where requiem high mass was solemnized, with Rev. Father Dore as celebrant, Rev. Father Barry as deacon and Rev. Father Flinn as sub-deacon. After the solemn services in the church the funeral cortege, which was very large, re-formed and the remains were conveyed to Calvary cemetery, where all that was mortal of the good and kind deceased was laid to rest. The floral offerings were beautiful, and much sympathy was extended to Mr. Boyle and family in their sad bereavement. The pallbearers were James Nevens, Charles Mathews, Thomas Meyders, Charles Farrell, G. H. Bell and Charles Taylor.

MRS. BRIDGET FREWEN CLEARY.

Mrs. Bridget Frewen Cleary, relict of the late William Cleary, of Cahervilla, county Tipperary, Ireland, and sister of Robert Frewen, of the Glen of Aherlow, and of Mrs. M. Guerin, of Kilteely, county Limerick, died at her residence, No. 2020 Wilcox avenue, on the 21st inst. The remains were taken to St. Philip's church on the 23rd, where high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Smith. Several members of the Married Ladies' Sodality, to which the deceased belonged, attended the services in regalia. After high mass Rev. Father Smith delivered a short but touching panegyric in which he recalled the virtues of the deceased, her self sacrifice, and her ceaseless efforts to do good. The interment was in Calvary. A long line of mourning friends followed the remains to the grave. The pallbearers were P. O'Meara, son-in-law of the deceased, P. F. Guerin, nephew, James Gubbins, Timothy McCarthy, Martin Cullinane and Lawrence Hartigan. Among the mourners were her children, John, Edmond, William, Patrick, Michael, Annie and Anastatia; Mrs. J. Cleary, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Ryan, John Ryan, T. O'T. Hartigan, Mrs. J. Casey and Miss Casey, Richard O'Meara, Mr. Ellinger, Mr. and Mrs. T. Hartigan, Mary Ellen Hartigan, Mary Hartigan, George Hartigan, Mrs. T. McCarthy, Misses M. and L. Flood, T. O'Malley, and many others. The Rev. Father Wm. Hennessy officiated at the grave.

LIEUT. JONAS H. TITUS.

Lieut. Jonas H. Titus, formerly of Detroit, Mich., and for many years a resident of Chicago, died at his residence, No. 77 E. Fourteenth street, on April 2, after a long illness, aged 64 years. The deceased leaves a wife and three sons.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Next Sunday evening, April 28, that accomplished American, Marie Wainwright commences a special engagement of but one week at the Schiller theatre. This favorite actress, now the acknowledged star of the emotional and society drama upon the American stage, will be seen in her realistic and intensely interesting drama, "Daughters of Eve." From the first "Daughters of Eve" has been a success. It gained immediate recognition in New York, and its popularity has increased steadily in every city in which it has been seen. Miss Wainwright in her exceptionally strong double character, that of the two sisters, Rose Wachery and Rhoda Daintry, in "Daughters of Eve," has, it is generally acknowledged, achieved the crowning triumph of her brilliant dramatic career. Versatile actress as she is, and justly quoted as a supremely talented interpreter of many great roles, she has, nevertheless, in this exacting and indeed fascinating double role of the two girls in "Daughters of Eve" given to the stage a creation that is as consummate in histrionic art, as it is of the strongest human interest and of intense emotional power. The play has been so immensely popular that next Monday evening, April 29, marks its 200th performance consecutively before the public this season, and the occasion will be recognized as a souvenir event at the Schiller on that evening, when every lady in the audience will be presented with a pretty souvenir—a personal ornament made of sterling silver.

Real Merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Hood's Sarsaparill is the kind. Try it.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

CONCORD BRIDGE,

Where Once the Embattled Farmers Stood, Visited by the Editor of "The Citizen" and His Friend McMurrough.

How the Yankee Tillers of the Soil Licked the Redcoats—Pen and Ink Sketch of the Battleground and of the Running Fight—Buttrick vs. Leonidas.

BY JOHN F. FINERTY.

"Conkerd—Conkerd!" yelled the handsome Yankee brakeman, on the Fitchburg line, as, after a twenty mile run from Boston, the train came to a standstill in front of an ordinary looking railway station.

"Here we are!" said my friend MacMurrough, who, with patriotic devotion, had accompanied me to the classic New England town, on the 120th anniversary of its immortal battle.

We got off the train with alacrity, the only two—and both Irish born—who came out on the afternoon train from "the Hub."

The trees had begun to bud, the birds were singing, and the brilliant New England sun, flashing on macadamized streets, and houses radiant in white and green paint, made us blink like a pair of owls on a daylight excursion.

"Where's the battleground?" I inquired of a smart looking youth, who was lounging around the station, smoking a cigar which seemed much too large for his mouth.

"Straight ahead—cross the square; turn to your right, then to your left, and there you are," said he, with rapid utterance.

"That fellow would make a good guide," observed McMurrough as we proceeded to follow the directions given.

Walking along the main street, which was kept scrupulously clean, we observed a large concourse of jolly young men and pretty Yankee girls—how extremely pretty many of them are—engaged in drinking soda-water and eating ginger cakes, for Concord is a "dry" town, particularly on a holiday, and few have the hardihood to "look upon the wine when it is red" amid such Puritan surroundings. Here and there a gray beard and an old lady appeared amid the merry throng in which there were few but natives, and what few were not natives were Irish, which is much the same thing.

The booming of cannon down by the valley through which the Concord river calmly flows, and the wreathing of smoke above the trees, proclaim where the military celebration is being held, and we bend our steps rapidly in that direction. We reach Monument street, and cross the common—a small spot of grassy ground on which stands a soldier monument in memory of the local heroes of the Civil War—follow the thoroughfare for a quarter of a mile, and meet on the road a body of militia returning from the ceremonies, a band, followed by a colored company, in front, and then two companies of white soldiers, in regular army undress. The rear was brought up by a section of artillery, the cannoneers young and the guns venerable enough in appearance to have made music in the days of the Revolution. The militia were mainly descendants of the men who braved the military might of the King of England on April 19, 1775.

We waited until the military array marched past, and then proceeded to the goal of our pilgrimage. The road from the village formed a gentle bow, which, however, straightened itself out, on its way northward, near the Jones house—a rambling old structure painted red, except for windows and doorways, which were of emerald hue—and "the manse," inhabited by a dissenting minister on the memorable day of conflict. These two human abodes, the Jones homestead on the right, and "the manse" on the left, are the only structures that remain of all those that witnessed the march of Lieut.-Col. Smith, Major Pitcairn, and the red-coats under their command. A round hole between two doors of the wing of the Jones house was pointed out as the mark of a British bullet fired during the brief engagement.

About half a dozen rods beyond these venerable abodes, a wide lane, turning abruptly to the left and bordered by a double row of fir trees, apparently fifty years old, is developed, and a board at its northern angle proclaims thus: "Battle Ground, April 19, 1775." Less than half a furlong down this lane brought us to an obelisk, erected in 1836, on the spot where the first British fell in the Revolutionary war, although the first American blood had been shed that same morning at Lexington green, nine miles nearer to Boston. This fact was proclaimed in roman characters on the face of the obelisk. An ancient elm tree, which was a mere sapling on the day of combat, stands there yet, on the left as you walk to the bridge, and two chains stapled into it, with another chain six feet from its base, form a small enclosure, the remaining side of which is buttressed by a stone wall, partially moss covered. On the cap-stone, near the tree, is carved these words: "Grave of British Soldiers." Looking closer you observe a rude head and foot stone; and in this quiet spot two of England's grenadiers, buried by pious American hands, which had welcomed them to hospitable graves, have rested for a hundred and twenty years.

"Poor devils!" exclaimed MacMurrough sentimentally, "they were spared many a hard day's march, including the stampede from here to Boston!"

The Concord river was not flooded when the battle was fought, but it was as we saw it. The famous old bridge is now kept as a relic in the town hall, but that which replaces it is of the same simple order of architecture—wood and a little iron, painted brown. The obelisk stands twenty feet east by north of it, and about the same distance from the other end, placed on a granite pedestal, rises the admirable statue of the Massachusetts Minute-man, his left hand on the handle of his simple plow, and his right clasping a flint-lock musket, which has no bayonet. On the face of the pedestal are inscribed the grand words of Emerson, written when the other memorial was erected in 1836:

By the rude bridge which arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world!

The expression of the bronze face is intensely heroic, and the spare, manly, typical America form is well set off by the simple costume, with long military gaiters and round hat, of 1775. It is just as excellent as the bronze statue of Col. William Prescott, by W. W. Storey, at Bunker Hill, but not quite as large. It was unveiled in April, 1875—the centenary of the battle.

A gravel path sweeps around it, and around that again an iron railing, cutting off communication toward the northwest, where the ground rises into a kind of ridge on which stand several farmers' houses, all but one, a little to the right, of very modern appearance. This old thoroughfare has been reduced to a species of cul de sac in order to properly preserve the monuments, and another road and bridge, further north, answer the needs of the people who dwell upon the highlands, where the Minute-men formed their ranks on that bloody morning, long, long ago.

When they saw the British coming—a detachment under a lieutenant—they came down from the elevation, and made for the bridge. The red-coats, who had easily dispersed the Lexington "rebels" only a few hours before, fired immediately, and Captain Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, with a few men, fell dead.

It was then Major John Buttrick—may his name never be forgotton by Americans or freemen of any nation—leaping into the air indignant, inspired the Yankee peasants thus:

"Soldiers and comrades, in God's name, fire—fire!"

The last word was uttered in a terrible voice, and the farmers' guns belched forth a grand accompaniment. Two British grenadiers fell dead, a third was mortally and many severely wounded.

In spite of the oaths and entreaties of their officer they turned their backs and fled with undue precipitation to join their main body in the village, but now the Yankee blood was up, and every stone wall and rail fence became a breast work. Three lines of these brave stone walls flank the east side of the road and one the west.

The firing and the ringing of church bells had now mustered a large force of Minute-men, and Lieut.-Col. Smith, greatly to Pitcairn's disgust, ordered a rapid retreat. Fear lent the astounded British wings, but the slim Yankees were faster than they. Some of the red-coats fought bravely, but others ran like scared hounds, and nothing could stop them but a bullet somewhere under the coat-tails. They rushed, a rabble rout, over the main road to Lexington, falling back toward Fiske's hill in most unsoldierly disorder. Somewhere in that neighborhood they met Lord Percy, with a thousand men, marching to their relief. He instantly formed a square and received the fugitives into it. So exhausted and frightened were they that many of them fell upon the ground, foaming at the mouth, their tongues hanging out, like those of overheated dogs. (Vide Bancroft).

Percy halted long enough to let the poor wretches rest, and then directed his return march on Boston, which he had left a few hours before, his bands insolently playing "Yankee Doodle Dandy" in derision of the American patriots.

By this time the Americans were rested, too, and again the stone walls and rail fences were fringed with their deadly fire, which crackled incessantly and most annoyingly to the British. Percy was soon forced out of ordinary time into the quick step, and, as the pursuit waxed hotter, and the fire grew more galling, the soldiers began to run, the American cheer announcing that the avengers were untiringly on their trail. They were pursued into the environs of Charlestown, where, finally, for fear of falling into a trap, the American officers cried a halt; and the glorious Continentals, flushed with victory, bivouacked on the ground they had so nobly won, and waited for reinforcements, before attacking the baffled and humiliated British in Boston. Forty-nine of these brave men were killed in the pursuit, and about the same number wounded. The English lost 73 killed, 174 wounded and 26 missing.

"I lift my hat to the stone walls and the men they covered," said McMurrough with enthusiasm.

"Amen," I responded, and with a last look at the humble bridge, the sprouting meadows, the farm-garnished slopes, and the wide-spread freshet of the Concord river, we reluctantly parted from a spot that will live in history as immortally as the pass of Thermopylæ.

"And yet," said McMurrough thoughtfully, "had it not been for Buttrick, it might have been a Ballingarry! What a pity he did not have a smoother name!"

"Still," said I, "there's nothing in a sound, except for its melody or the reverse. Had Leonidas been called Buttrick would his name have survived since 490 B. C.?"

"Hanged if I know," responded MacMurrough, "but I think Buttrick was a much bigger man, and saved a much bigger country, than Leonidas."

"Right you are," said I; and, reader, what say you?

SEVENTH INFANTRY.

Another company was added to the Seventh Regiment last Saturday night, when Company K, organized by C. V. McAdams was mustered in with 53 men. They made a fine appearance as they were lined up on the floor of the armory, very few of them being less than 5 feet 10½ inches in height.

The season for rifle practice will open on May 1.

Company A will give a May party at the armory on May 18.

White Star Line.

Following is a list of the cabin passengers booked per White Star Line steamship Majestic, sailing from New York April 24: Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Curtiss, Miss E. F. Curtiss, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hill, Arthur L. Hill, John R. Hill, Mr. Gault, Mrs. Gault, John Hammer; Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Levi, Gertrude Levi, H. George Levi, Walter Levi, Beaumont Levi, and Maid; E. N. Bigley, Campbell S. Johnston, Samuel Smith, B. J. Colman, J. D. Regan, Henry Lucas, Percy Lucas, A. E. Shelton, Rev. J. Coleman, Rev. B. O'Brien, Miss Alice Naughton, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Lilly Nelson, Mrs. Thomas J. Mangan, Mrs. Louise Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. R. Flore, Bert Galt. All were booked from this city.

MRS. J. RAY LOGAN.

A Catholic Lady Who is Coming to the Front as a Public Reader.

Public readers are rare. We speak advisedly, as those who attempt elocution are many; and too often, unfortunately, are unwholesome object-lessons for other students of the art. Looking over the list of names of those professional elocutionists and readers who have won fame through the merit of their work, we find scarcely a dozen who can be called famous, and most of these are of the sterner sex. This fact may arise from the extreme attention latterly paid to the Delsartian method of training. The great majority of teachers are not universal in their instruction, usually taking one branch for study rather than endeavoring to form an all-around pupil, and the consequence is that the student reaches a point of attitudinizing, instead of the graceful posing, combined with the thought, both in correspondence, which is the idea of the great master, Delsarte. Many a naturally fine dramatic reader has been warped by the devitalizing process of the conventional elocution teacher. Of the great mass of the amateur readers who appear at church entertainments and other gatherings, where they may let themselves loose on an unsuspecting public, it is needless to speak. The average are little better than manikins, pulled by strings, doing justice to neither themselves, their audiences nor the masters from whose works they read.

Occasionally a person appears who is possessed of the natural dramatic talent, has a voice capable of expression and is possessed of a certain individuality that places the reader aside from and above the ordinary crowd of would-be elocutionists. If to these natural gifts are added a pliable, graceful figure, much trained facial action, intense feeling modulated by delicacy, and a happy abandon of bodily movement, thoroughly in correspondence with the thought expressed, then indeed may the lovers of true dramatic reading congratulate themselves on the discovery of a *rara avis* among readers. Such a one is sure to win laurels and deserves the recognition and assistance of entertainment-goers everywhere. Recently an announcement was made in several papers that Mrs. J. Ray Logan, a young elocutionist, would make a tour of the country in readings and brief lectures on the poets. This reader was new to the public, but on her first appearance in Richmond, Va., she made an instantaneous success. Her voice, a deep, rich contralto, was trained so beautifully that it was under the most perfect command of the reader, and is capable of the greatest range of expression. Mrs. Logan is a Southern lady, little more than a girl in years, and the widow of the late Dr. John Logan, a former resident of Pittsburg. She is a graduate of the Sacred Heart convent in Montreal, and began her studies in elocution there, and afterwards perfected them in Pittsburg and New York. Shortly after leaving school she married Dr. Logan, who was an old friend, and settled with him in Pittsburg. Later on they moved to New York, where financial reverses overtook the doctor and he died, leaving her comparatively nothing. Mrs. Logan then found the necessity of depending on her talents for a living, and having read for the managers of a lyceum bureau, they at once arranged a tour for her, which she filled with the greatest success. It would be hard to find a more pleasant lady than Mrs. Logan. She is talented to a remarkable degree, speaking French and German as fluently as English, and making readings in the former language a specialty. She has a slight girlish figure, is extremely prepossessing in appearance and bears a strong resemblance to Mrs. Scott-Siddons, the famous actress. One of the lecture bureaus has Mrs. Logan engaged for the fall season, and will make a number of dates around the country under the auspices of Catholic churches and societies. She will find plenty of engagements, we have no doubt, as her readings from the poems of Father Ryan and other Catholic poets will be a sufficient advertisement for her among the Catholic people at large.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

IOMRADH.

Shneadhghusa agus Mic Riaghla—Sliocht Leabhair Bhuidhe Leacain.

LEIS AN ATHAIR EOGHAIN O'GRAMHNA

(Roimh-Rádh—Do'n léightheoir.)

[Ag so dhuit, i bh-foclaibh soilleire, an sceul arsaidh ar sheoltóireacht Shneadhghusa agus Mhic Riaghla. Cuirtear i g-cló mar so é, sáil go m-beidh meas ag an dream (go mór-mhór an aos óg) thuigeas an Nuadh-Ghaedhilge, ar na scribhinnibh luachmhara atá i d-taiseidh agus i bh-foloch i d-teangaidh na h-Eireann. Ins an *Revue Celtique*, Leabhar IX, do cuireadh an sceul i g-cló ó'n lámh-scribhinn bhunudhasaigh le Whitley Stokes, agus is ar a lorg sin do righneasa an t-aistriughadh so. Do leanas mar is feárr d'fheudas do na briathraibh bunudhasacha.—E.O'G.]

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

D'iomradar go h-inis eile annsin: agus gaisceidhigh iomdha rómpa inis an ins sin, agus cinn cat orra. Aon ghaisceidheach Gaedhealach innti, agus téidh sé ar an tráigh, agus do chuir fáilte rómpa, agus adubhairt leo:—"d'fhearaibh na gcuraigh dhinn annss, agus ni mhaireann nGaedheal dam-sa," ar sé, "thainig fuireann dhiobh acht mise amhain. Do cuireadh chum báis iad leis na h-eachtrannaibh atá ag aitreabh na h-inse so." Agus do bheir sé biadh dhóibh isteach ins an g-curach, agus fághaid beannacht agus beirid beannacht.

Séidhidh an ghaoth annsin iad go h-inis i raibh crann mór, agus eunlaith áluinn air. Do bhi eun mór ar a bhárr, agus ceann óir agus cleitidhe airgid air: agus innsidh sé sceul tosaigh an domhain dóibh, agus innisidh geineamhain Chriost ó Mhuire Oigh, agus A bhaiste agus A eiseirghe; agus innsidh sceul lae an Bhreithemhnais, agus is annsin do ghabhaidis na eunlaith uile ag tuargain a d-taobh le n-a sciathánaibh, go sillidis na braona fola as a d-taobhaibh, ar eagla chomhartaidh an Bhreithemhnais. Ba *comaoin* agus ba *creutsir* an fhuil sin. Agus do bheir an t-eun duilie do dhuillibh an chroinn sin do na cléireachaibh, agus meud croicinn daimh mhóir an duilie sin. Agus adubhairt an t-eun leis na cléireachaibh an duilie sin do thabhairt leo, agus do chur air altóir Cholum-Cille. I g-Ceanannus atá sé indiu.

Ba bhinn ceol na n-eun sin ag gabháil shailm agus caintcidheadh ag mola an Tighearna, óir ba h-eunlaith Mhuighe Neimhe iad, agus ni chrionadh corp na duilie an chroinn sin.

D'fhágbhadar slán agus beannacht ag na h-eunaibh 'na dhiaidh sin, agus iomraid go tir nathbhésaigh i raibh daoine agus cinn con, agus fionnfadh mar callach orra. Tig cléireach chuca as an inis, do réir aithne Dé, ag fóirithin orra, mar do bhiodar i ngábhadh tré bheith gan biadh, agus do bheir dhóibh lasc, agus fion, agus cruithneacht.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

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1—From the beginning to Richard II's defeat by Art McMurrough.
Ballad by Mr. Murphy,
"Oh, Where's the Slave so Lowly".....Moore

2—From A. D. 1400 to the death of Hugh O'Neill, the great Earl of Tyrone, in 1616.
Irish War Song by Mr. Murphy,
"O'Donnell Aboo" (In Irish).....McCann

3—The period of Cromwell and Owen Roe O'Neill, 1641-1651.
Irish National Caoine by Mr. Murphy,
"Lament for Owen Roe".....Davis

4—Period of James II, Sarsfield and St. Ruth, Athlone, Aughrim, Limerick and Fontenoy.
Ballad by Mr. Murphy,
"The Battle Eve of the Irish Brigade".....Davis

5—(Last Period) Ireland in America, the Revolutionary Heroes, Presbyterian and Catholic; the Volunteers, '98; Emmet, O'Connell and Young Ireland; the Fenians and Parnell.
Irish National Ballad by Mr. Murphy,
"Native Swords".....Thomas Davis

The Famous Band of the Seventh Regiment, I. N. G., under Prof. Forrest, will open the proceedings with a selection of Irish airs.

The lecture has been received with great favor in all the principal cities of America, and has been highly eulogized by the American press.

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ESTATE OF RICHARD COTHROLL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Richard Cothroll, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1895, being the 22nd day thereof. Dated Chicago, April 15, 1895.

MARY COTHROLL,
Administratrix.
James O'Connell Attorney for Administratrix.

BABY'S LOGIC.

Today I asked my mamma if I could whittle,
Yes, I did
"Oh, no, my girlie," said she, "you're too little,"
So she did

But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe,
I cried, I did
She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so,"
That's what she did.

Why can't I cry if I am little?
Or, if I'm big, why can't I whittle?
—St. Louis Republic.

HIS LAST BLAST.

Slug canyon, Sierra county, has always been famous for the number and size of its golden nuggets. The canyon heads among the huge skyward towering mountains that rise on the south side of the North Yuba, into which river it empties its waters just before the lower end of the famous old mining town of Downieville. In 1852 a son of Erin named Mike Maroney had a placer claim on this canyon of nests of golden eggs, which in his opinion was nothing less than the secret storehouse of the "Goblins of the Golden Mountains."

Mike's claim was not in the present or modern channel of the canyon, but upon a bench above it, where was a channel that had been formed by the stream in ancient times. In this old upper channel stood a bowlder of enormous size, a granite rock as big as a cathedral. Mike was undoubtedly attracted to the particular piece of bench ground on which he staked out his claim by the immense size of the bowlder lodged upon it, a rock so large it seemed to be a pinnacle broken from the top of one of the overhanging mountains. He in some way got it into his head that in the old channel, at the point where he had staked out his claim, was gold proportionate to the size of the rock and in keeping with the difficulties to be overcome.

The bowlder stood in the lower end of the old channel, which it blocked completely from wall to wall. To blast it out and get into and work the channel seemed a herculean task. Many a miner had looked the ground over and departed with a sigh, after a careful survey of the rock, before Mike Maroney set his stakes on the ancient channel. All thought well of the ground, but feared to attack the "giant" that stood in the way.

Mike built a small cabin on a bench of the canyon above high water mark and settled down in full sight of the enemy he had determined to conquer. Alone and single handed he mounted the great granite rock and began drilling and blasting it. The rock was hard, and the work went on slowly, but he was always to be seen hammering and banging away at the task he had undertaken. All the miners passing up and down the canyon halted for a word with Mike. They admired his pluck and cheered him on by telling him that under the bowlder and behind it he would find enough gold to load a train of half a dozen mules.

Mike was a small man as to height, standing less than 5 feet in his boots, but he was immensely broad across the shoulders, and in strength was a little Samson. Altogether he was a curiously constructed creature. He had a head big enough for a six footer. His mouth seemed the result of a slash of a cleaver, and he wore it with one corner drawn up toward his left ear in a very knowing way. On his broad flat face was stuck a short stump of a nose with vast cavernous nostrils. Add to these features a pair of enormous ears, little black eyes that twinkle beneath an overhanging crag of brow, then top out the whole with a thatch of coal black hair the size of a haycock, and you see Mike Maroney as he appeared mounted upon his big rock with drill and hammer in hand. Seen thus he might well have passed for the king of the gnomes, just popped up from the chambers of his golden caverns for a mouthful of sunshine and a peep at the upper world.

Mike was nearly two years in blasting out his great bowlder. When he first began, such was his enthusiasm that he thought he would make short work of it, but after he had been engaged upon it about three months he began to understand more clearly the nature of the task he had undertaken. His stock of provisions was exhausted, and he lacked money with which to procure a new supply; also he could no longer obtain powder, fuse and other supplies on credit. It became evident that he must have money, or he would be obliged to stop work on the bowlder.

In this strait he went up into the town of Downieville and explained the situation to a number of friends. All knew Mike's claim, and all had faith in it, for the old channel with the big rock in its mouth had been the talk of all the Slug canyon miners long before Mike set his stakes there. Therefore he found it a less difficult business than he had anticipated to raise money with which to proceed. Half a dozen friends became his backers, telling him to go ahead and call upon them as often as he needed money. They would take the chances of his finding enough gold to make them all right once the big bowlder had been conquered.

Again Mike set to work in high spirits. He told his backers that in two or three months more he would have utterly demolished the big rock, but when that time had passed the work seemed only fairly begun. After Mike had been at work for about a year and a half the men who were "putting up" for him began to grow tired of the whole business and did not come out with their coin so cheerfully as at first, and they asked rather anxiously in regard to the progress being made.

In order to cheer them up Mike would say: "Byes, I do be knockin the ould rock to smithereens! I've got her so wakened now that she shakes wid ivery blasht!"

Finally the men tired of hearing this story when Mike came round to collect money, and he then began to say, "One more blasht, byes, and I've got her!" This went on so long that it became a byword in Downieville. Everywhere it was, "One more blasht, byes, and I've got her!" Mike's backers laughed with the others and put up the money he asked for.

All things have an end, however, and when Mike's "lasht blasht!" shattered the huge slab, constituting the sole remnant of the once enormous bowlder, he went to the base of the mass and began working under it with his pick. On a sudden the big block began to topple over. Mike dropped his pick and retreated with the rock following him on a steep down grade. The situation was such that in order to escape being crushed to death Mike was obliged to leap into the canyon.

Owing to a spring freshet, the canyon was at the time a roaring torrent. Therefore his leap was almost as that proverbial one from the frying pan. He was swept down the canyon about 200 yards till almost at the verge of a vertical fall of some 30 feet, when he had the good fortune to grasp the top of an overhanging bush and drag himself ashore.

Mike escaped with a few slight cuts and bruises and the loss of his hat. These, however, were matters that did not trouble him. All his thoughts were of the spot whence had just tumbled down the steep the last fragment of the big bowlder. Thither his mind ran faster than his legs were able to travel, though the latter soon landed him at the spot where he had so long and faithfully labored.

Looking down into the bed of that last huge slab of granite which had seemed to leap forth and chase him into the canyon, Mike beheld a large disk of pure and glittering gold. It was a piece of the precious metal about the size and shape of a dinner plate. He waited to see no more. Leaping down into the hole, he grasped the golden prize, which looked to him as big as the face of the full moon, and then at once made a break for Downieville to find his backers, show them the gold and tell them the great news of the final annihilation of the big rock.

Mike was wild as a hawk. In his hands he held a mass of gold that weighed nearly 20 pounds, and as he dashed down Slug canyon with his prize he shouted at every jump: "That lasht blasht fetched her! That lasht blasht fetched her!" Thus shouting as he tore down the canyon, he passed several claims where miners were at work, but he halted at none of these for a single moment.

"Mike Maroney has gone crazy about his big bowlder!" cried the miners on seeing him running bareheaded down the canyon trail. At some of the claims he passed men threw down their tools, and scrambling up the bank of the stream to the trail called out after him, but the only answer they received was, "That lasht blasht fetched her!"

When Mike reached Downieville and started up the middle of the town, hatless, dripping wet, shouting and carrying before him his golden prize, he soon had a crowd at his heels. He paid no attention to the crowd, but when he saw on either side of the street miners of his acquaintance he shouted to them in passing: "Byes, that lasht blasht fetched her! There's a whole bushel of goold undther the bottom of her!"

Strangers in the town thought they saw before them a crazy man, but every resident of the place knew Mike, and soon along the street was raised the cry: "Mike Maroney has struck it at last! He's knocked the devil out of his bowlder and got a chunk of gold bigger'n a fryin pan!"

Hearing this news, others shouted, "Hurrah for Maroney and his 'lasht blasht!'"

"Yis, hurrah, byes!" cried Mike, who felt himself in the seventh heaven of glory. "Hurrah, for this minit I'm the pride of the wurruld!"

By the time Mike had found some of the friends who had for so long backed him with their coin and had displayed his big nugget there was a grand excitement in the camp. Some said he had found an old channel paved with nuggets as big as cobblestones, and others that great slabs of gold covered the bedrock.

Mike told his friends that, though he had only stopped long enough to catch up the first big nugget he saw, he was sure there was a whole bushel of gold in the nest of the big bowlder. With the sample brought in by Mike lying before them all were ready to believe that he had made the "strike" of the age. Every man who heard of Mike's find said he always felt sure that there were "mule loads" of gold under the big bowlder of Slug canyon.

As soon as Mike's backers had collected their wits, scattered by the sight of the big nugget and his wild story of bushels of gold in sight, they dropped everything and prepared to go at once to the scene of the strike. With the elated Maroney in the lead they set out, taking with them a pack mule that happened to be at hand. They were joined by a number of idlers as they passed through the town, and in going up Slug canyon the crowd was increased by the miners at the several claims who desired to feast their eyes upon what by this had grown to be "Mike Maroney's mound of gold."

Seeing the miners thus flocking after him, Mike cried: "Cheer for me, byes. The lasht blasht fetched her!"

During the absence of the party the excitement in the town was at fever heat. Some new wonder was constantly being added to the story of the big find. Then occasionally there were false alarms. One of these that sent a crowd rushing down toward the river was to the effect that Mike and his friends were on their way back to town and were "just crossing the bridge at Jersey Flat with a mule load of gold."

At last, when the sun was just sinking behind the western mountains, the party came straggling back to town. They were a dejected looking crowd and gave short and surly answers to the questions fired at them on all sides. The backers were particularly gloomy and snappish. As for Mike himself, he was nowhere to be seen.

Finally the tongues of some of the disinterested idlers who had gone out with the party were loosened though the administration of copious doses of stimulants. They then said squarely and frankly that they had found nothing at all. The nest of Mike's big bowlder was empty. In the smooth and soft bed of the rock they found the spot where Mike's "golden moon" had lain and saw his tracks beside it, but not a single nugget was in sight. Then they had dug into the edge of the old channel and found it barren and smooth as the bottom of an iron kettle.

"What has become of Mike?" asked some one.

"Ah, poor Mike! Well, we are afraid he is in a bad way. As soon as he found that there were no nuggets in sight and was told that he had merely imagined them he took on the color of a corpse. He reeled about, pawed the air, and then, with a howl such as I never want to hear again, ran off to his cabin and locked himself up in it. As he couldn't be induced to come out, two men were left to watch him, for he is evidently upset in the upper story. No one can get anything out of him but mutterings about his last blast."

The next day Mike was brought into the town for medical examination. The doctors said his mental derangement was of a nature so mild and harmless that he might safely be allowed to remain in his cabin. Indeed, at times he seemed for a moment or two to get back his senses. One of his friends happening to speak of his mother and his people in Ireland, he at once broke out with: "Byes, I don't care so much meself for the trouble and whorlin in me haid, but I do be thinkin of the poor ould mother back across the wather. What will become of her and of them all, widout the money I promised to sind?"

It was in vain they spoke of the big nugget he had found, telling him he should have it and do with it what he pleased. He would hear of nothing of the kind. That belonged to the men who had put up their money for him. His gold was still under the big bowlder, where he had fired his last blast. He had seen it once, and he would see it again and get it.

The men who had backed Mike—half a dozen in number—ascertained the address of his widowed mother from men who had known him at home, and selling the big nugget, which proved to be worth $3,600, sent her a check for the amount.

Mike shut himself up in his cabin and was seldom seen outside of it during the daylight hours. Men mining on the canyon, however, reported that he was in the habit of prowling about of nights. They said they had frequently seen a light up at his claim very late at night just at the spot where he had demolished the big bowlder. Upon investigation by a friend, it was found that Mike had got into his head that the pile of gold he had seen had been sunk deep into the ground by an evil spirit. However, he would yet get it, as one night each month at midnight—he did not know what night—all the big nuggets came up to their old nest under the bowlder. All he had to do to beat the goblin that had lived under the big rock was to be on the watch and shout when the gold appeared, "Mine, in the name of the Blessed Virgin."

Though he wanted nothing to do with any one, yet he was always peering out at the chinks of his cabin, watching those who passed by. When any one came along the trail, he would pop his head out at his door and utter his new warcry of "Mine, in the name of the Blessed Virgin." Seeing that the life he was leading was making him worse, his friends on the canyon tried to get him out of his cabin, offering him big wages to work in their claims. All was useless, however, until one day a man happened to say he had a big bowlder in his diggings he wanted blasted out. Instantly Mike pricked up his ears and was all attention. He was ready to set to work upon the bowlder at once.

Being given a trial, it was found that he was able to work as well and intelligently as ever at drilling and blasting. While engaged in that work he seemed quite sane, but he could not be induced to do anything in the mines except blast bowlders. For that business he seemed to have a perfect mania and could accomplish nearly as much in a day as two ordinary men. Battling with the bowlders was seen to brighten him up wonderfully, and he was given all the work he could do in his favorite line by the friendly miners up and down Slug canyon.

* * * * * *

One day after Mike had been for some months waging a war of extermination against the bowlders of Slug canyon his friends up in Downieville had a big surprise. All unheralded and unexpected, the "Widdy Maroney," with a raft of tall and buxom daughters, landed in their midst, fresh from the "ould sod." They had come to make their home in America "and look afther poor Moik." Marriageable girls being at that time in great demand, the family were heartily welcomed and well provided for at once. It was then so contrived that Mike was suddenly brought into the midst of the whole crowd without a hint being given him beforehand that his mother and sisters were in the country. The surprise so shook him up mentally that the balance wheel in his head at once started up and moved along as smoothly and regularly as ever.

Soon the family were comfortably settled at Downieville, and Mike with them. His last blast had not been so very disastrous after all. It had not only fetched the big bowlder, but had also fetched all his people out to America to a good home, and the raft of bouncing girls to where they all soon captured good husbands, three among whom had been Mike's backers, and helped pay for the powder exploded in firing his "lasht blasht."—Dan de Quille in San Francisco Examiner.

ALL FOOLS' DAY FUN.

SOME OF THE CUSTOMS OF THE MERRY ANNIVERSARY.

Stories Alleging the Origin of the Day. Napoleon Married on the 1st of April. The Scotch Have Great Times With the Gawk—The Grocer Evens Up.

"The compliments of the season to my worthy masters and a merry 1st of April to us all," wrote the genial and gentle Charles Lamb.

He further goes on to say: "I will confess a truth—I love a fool as naturally as if he were kith and kin to me, and, take my word for it and say a fool told you, that he who has not a dram of folly in his mixture hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition."

Very few men are willing to embark in a new enterprise on April 1, and marriages are rarely solemnized on that day. One that has a historical record is that of Napoleon I with Maria Louise, which cannot be said to have furnished an example calculated to bring the day into favor. The French people attached much significance to the choice of that day by Napoleon. Like all Frenchmen, the emperor was susceptible to ridicule, and it is hard to understand how he gave the Parisians an opportunity to deride his marriage day, which they did most effectually, a theme which was important at that time to both Napoleon and his dynasty and called attention to his daring revokal of the laws in his second marriage.

Shakespeare, who, like Lamb, loved a fool, does not once allude to the custom of keeping April 1 as All Fools' day. Indeed he only mentions April 1 once in his plays, and that is in connection with a tragic incident when King John is informed:

"The 1st of April died your noble mother."

That the custom was in vogue at that time in France is established, but there is no absolute certainty of the time when it was introduced into England.

Some pretend to date the custom back to the Feast of Fools, a kind of saturnalia popular in the middle ages. Its chief object was to honor the ass, on which the Saviour made his entry into Jerusalem. Processions of fools accompanied the central figure, and whenever the animal brayed they imitated it. As similar tricks are played at the Hull festival, there must be another solution of its origin. It is claimed by other historians that the observance of the day dates from 1564, when New Year's day was changed to Jan. 1, leaving the 1st of April, which had been the date of the new year, without service, and it became a burlesque anniversary.

An old legend tells a pretty story of the disappearance of an eastern prince on this day. His subjects mourned him sincerely, and every year on the day of his mysterious disappearance sent out the children of the kingdom to search for him, and they turned the day into one of merrymaking.

The story got abroad and reached Japan.
From thence by story tellers it was hurled
Into the islands of the western world,
And so the legend of two thousand years
The cause of April All Fools' day appears.

In Scotland the April fool is called a gowk, and in France an April fish. In England the day is always observed as an opportunity for getting off practical jokes on the public. On the 1st of April, 1860, a complimentary card was sent out generally inviting people to an entertainment at the Tower of London. These cards read:

Admit the bearer to view the washing of
The White Lions
On the 1st of April at 12 precisely.
Admitted only at the White Gate.

All London was in an uproar. Cabs rattled about all the forenoon. April 1 came that year on Sunday, and the trick was the most successful and the least harmful of any hoax ever perpetrated on so large a scale. Many went away satisfied that the show was genuine, but that they had missed it by not finding the white gate.

The Scotch gowk is a rather interesting feature of the day in that country. The gowk is a boy or rustic who is sent on an impossible errand and bade to run all the way. If he is bright, he will discover the joke and pass it on to another, until half a dozen have been enlisted in "hunting the gowk." A rhyme of the occasion is this:

Rin for your mither, boy, rin, rin, rin.
The eggs are ready, but she hasn't a bin,
And if you wait till the eggs grow cool
Then all your life you'll be April fool.

The best joke of all is when a man refuses to believe the truth on that day. A Londoner was told that his house was on fire, but he recalled the fact that it was All Fools' day.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I can see it burn!" and the house had really burned to the ground before he could be made to believe it was not a joke.

A boy who was playing truant on the 1st of April was warned by his chums that his father was coming.

"Aw, come off," he said; "you can't fool me on no 1st of April!"

But when he felt his father's hand on his coat collar and received the weight of a hickory stick on his shoulders he wondered who was the April fool.

Fool confectionery is one of the modern attempts at a joke. Cake stuffed with cotton batting is baked with an inviting exterior and sent to friends. Candies dosed with red pepper, sugar mixed with salt, caramels made with liberal quantities of snuff and similar jokes are worked off on the unsuspicious.

Every kind of trick is resorted to by the grocer on that day to get even with the unprofitable customer who tastes from every box and barrel in the store. Salt is mixed with molasses to make it resemble brown sugar, raisins are sprinkled with kerosene, figs filled with red pepper and imitation crackers substituted for the genuine. Loaded cigars are left conspicuously handy, and chewing tobacco is generously doctored with quinine. These and a hundred other schemes of folly carry out the design of the day.—Detroit Free Press.

The Story of Bresca.

The little town of Bordighera, in Italy, has furnished the Easter palms at Rome since the year 1856. How the grant was obtained by Bresca, the brave old sea captain, is a curious story. Standing with the crowd in the open plaza before the cathedral of St. Peter's, he was gazing with breathless interest at the workmen engaged in erecting the Egyptian obelisk. So momentous and difficult a task was this regarded that Pope Sixtus V forbade any one to utter a loud word during the operation on pain of death.

All went well until the massive stone column reached a certain angle, when, to the horror of the multitude and the despair of the engineer, it ceased to move. Various expedients were resorted to, without avail, and all seemed lost, when suddenly a voice broke the silence, crying:

"Aiga. Dai de l'aiga ae corde!" ("Water. Give water to the ropes!")

This suggestion, which came from the old sailor, was quickly acted upon. The obelisk slowly righted itself and was successfully raised to the position it now occupies.

When the trembling Bresca was brought a prisoner before the pope for punishment, the latter not only pardoned the offense, but offered to grant him any reasonable request. The unselfish soul of the man showed itself when, instead of petitioning for some personal preferment, he begged that the right of furnishing the palms for Easter should be bestowed upon his family and the villagers of Bordighera, his birthplace. The request was granted and is respected to this day.—Our Dumb Animals.

Do We Ever Really Forget Anything?

The brain of mankind has been defined as a kind of phonographic cylinder, which retains impressions made upon it through the medium of the senses, particularly through the eyes and ears. If this be true, memory must depend for its intensity or retentive qualities upon the degree of observation with which the record is made. Nor is this all. If memory's record is kept in the shape of indentations upon the folds of brain matter, are they ever entirely effaced? In other words, do we ever really forget anything? May it not be that in the inner depths of the brain memory has stored up recollections of things which are never again purposely turned to, perhaps, but which instantly spring into being and flash through the mind whenever we hear or see something which recalls them?

There are several well known mental phenomena which strengthen this theory. We know that memory often brightens during the last moments of life, and there are cases on record where Germans, French, Spaniards and others who, upon falling sick in this country scores of years after having entirely forgotten their native languages, recovered and used them upon their deathbeds. There is a theory that in all such cases the brain folds have relaxed, just as do the muscles and cords of the limbs and body, and that by so doing they expose to the mind's monitor indentations (recollections) which were long since folded up and put away as material that could not be of any particular use. Think of these things.—St. Louis Republic.

Wood Engraving.

No doubt there are few outside Germany who can engrave a head as finely as Klinkicht can in his own style, but as a general rule German engraving is far more precise, more mechanical, more according to formula, than that of either France or America. There is often great skill and sometimes considerable artistic feeling in German wood engraving, but, as a rule, it does not compare with the highest French work. Yet its condition is not unsatisfactory. Thanks chiefly to the great engraving "studios" or factories, which flourish upon the low prices at which copyright for wood engraving may be obtained from dealers and artists, the illustrated magazines and newspapers, not only of Germany, but of other countries, too, are kept supplied with excellently cut blocks, "at moderate prices, and with regularity and dispatch."

But the craftsman is rarely an artist, and when he is he is rather an artist in intelligence than an artist in feeling. He reveals the scientific and philosophic far more than the artistic side of the national temperament, and for that very reason no doubt his work is accepted without much question, and his existence is assured.—National Review.

The Unselfish Cricketer.

The cricket ground is a wholesome training field for young Englishmen. "It has cost me, one way or another, a fiver to play in this match. I have traveled 200 miles, and now I can say that I have played on a side which made 536 runs, and if I had staid away they would only have made 535."

So said a very good cricketer at the end of a two days' match, in the course of which he had received three balls only, but he said it without a semblance of grumbling in his voice. Being a cricketer, he had learned to lose sight of his personal failure in thinking of the success of his side, and we hope and believe that he felt that he would rather win a match wherein he made one run than score a century for a losing side.

Only on rare occasions do we meet a downright selfish cricketer, and then we instinctively feel that a man of his stamp would have done better had he confined his attention to the golf course, and that he is for some reason naturally incapable of taking advantage of the countless opportunities that cricket has afforded him of conquering a selfish and ill regulated disposition.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Rather Too Long.

A peasant went with his wife to the theater. At the conclusion of the first act he said to his better half: "Come along, old woman, let's go home. The second act doesn't begin till five years later."—Lokal Anzieger.

THE SKIN OF ANIMALS.

In Some It Is a Defensive Armor Made of Horn and Bone.

Osteologist Lucas of the National museum is preparing a new exhibit, which is designed to show the various modifications of the skin of animals.

To begin with, there will be a queer sort of alligator from South America, called the "jacari." It is quite different from any alligator from North America, belonging to a peculiar genus that has bony plates on the under side as well as on the upper side of the body. This is a distinguishing mark of the tribe, such alligators as are known elsewhere in the world being thus armored only on their backs. The armor plates of the alligators are of true bone—the same sort of bone as that of the animal's skeleton.

If you will examine the skin on the back of your hand, you will find that it is corrugated and broken up with fine lines in such a way that you can easily imagine its texture transformed by exaggeration into scales. Now, you have only to gaze upon an armadillo in order to see such a modification of the skin. In Africa is found a yet more curious animal, called the "Manis macrura," which is the most scaly of all scaly beasts. From the tip of its nose to the end of a very long tail it is clad in big horny scales that overlap one another. When alarmed, it curls itself up into a tight ball, and the scales being quite sharp it is pretty safe against attack. In this case also the scales are only modified skin. It is worth mentioning, by the way, that the Manis macrura possesses a greater number of vertebræ than any other mammal.

Mr. Lucas will show, in the same case with the jacari and the armadillo, a "scheltopusic." This is a lizard from Sicily. The casual observer would take it for a snake, its legs being rudimentary and concealed beneath its skin. The entire body of the reptile is covered with little plates of bone. As in the case of the alligator, above described, the bony plates of the lizard are merely modified skin. The same is true of the very remarkable "boxfish" of the West Indies, which is clad in a complete armor of six sided plates of bone, which are fastened to the skull and to the bases of the dorsal and anal fins. An odd point about this fish is that it cannot bend its body at all, the vertebræ, save only three or four near the tail, being fused together. Thus the backbone is a solid rod.

The scales of the armadillo are of bone, covered with horn, the bone and the horn corresponding respectively to the true skin and the epidermis of a human being or other animal. Bony plates and spines are modifications of the true skin, while horn is modified epidermis. Human beings sometimes develop horns, but they are abnormal growths. Another queer fish that will be shown in connection with this exhibit is the "globefish," which is found in waters off the coast of South Carolina. It is clad in an armor of interlocked spines, which are made to stand erect at the will of the animal, thus rendering the latter an unattractive morsel to swallow. In a world like this, where every living creature is the prey and food of others, animals are often obliged to put on coats of mail if they would survive.

Mr. Lucas will make fur and feathers a part of the exhibit. Feathers and hair are the same thing, differently modified, of course. A stuffed and fretful porcupine will illustrate the fact that mammals as well as birds have quills. This is true of several species of mammals, notably the European hedgehog, which is a disagreeable creature to handle without gloves. Awhile ago there were a couple of porcupines in the zoological collection in the rear of the Smithsonian institution. One of them assailed an attendant and stuck about 30 of its quills into his legs. He (the attendant, not the porcupine) told a writer for The Star that the quills came out of the porcupine much more easily than they came out of his leg.—Washington Star.

One Chicago Millionaire.

To see him at the race track, for instance, leaning against the fence watching the animals come out for the preliminary canter, no one would suspect that he owned the favorite and a whole stable full of other cracker jacks, and that he had several thousand dollars at stake.

If some nervous man who had just played $5 on the favorite should ask him what he thought of the chance of winning, he would merely chuckle and say, "Y' can't tell a thing about it."

His clothes are so plain, and he has such a farmerish way of whittling or else chewing at straws, that he is overlooked in the ordinary assemblage or mistaken for some humble personage.

In his business office he does not occupy a separate apartment, the door of which is guarded by a private secretary.

His desk is the same as that of an employee. One day a woman book agent came in and importuned the old gentleman to purchase some books.

"My girl," he said, "I'm a poor Irishman, and I've had to work all my life. I can't read a word."

Thereafter when the agent came in she always avoided the poor old man who couldn't read, to the intense amusement of the employees. She supposed him to be the janitor.—Chicago Record.

A Smart Youth.

A bright youth undergoing examination for admission to one of the government departments found himself confronted with the question:

"What is the distance from the earth to the sun?"

Not knowing the exact number of miles, he wrote in reply:

"I am unable to state accurately, but I don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with the proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship."

He passed his examination.—London Tit-Bits.

"Blind Tom," the idiot pianist, remembered nearly 4,000 compositions.

AMERICAN CAMELS.

Increasing Despite the Fact That They Are Butchered and Sold as Beef.

M. F. Campbell, who has been for some time at the famous Gunsight mine, near the line of southern Arizona, says the camels of the desert are increasing very rapidly, and that there are now between 300 and 400 of them. This is surprising, he says, considering the large number that have been killed and palmed off for beef in the past few years and the inroads made upon the bands by passing showmen. Mr. Campbell gave some interesting details of these tawny denizens of the waste places, introduced so many years ago by Ben Butterworth, and now grown wild.

"These hulking animals," he said, "roam mainly between the Gila and Colorado rivers, in a stretch of the low Eagle Tail mountains and the desert adjoining. There is very fine bunch grass in that region, and the camels keep in good condition. I have several times seen as many as eight or ten in a band, and most of them are very large.

"Different persons have been there from time to time catching them for the circuses. That is the source of supply now for all the shows. The hunters go out in bands of half a dozen on mules, as horses would be of no account. The camels, cumbersome as they look, run very fast, and only mules are enduring enough in that tough country to wear them out. The hunters stretch out, surround a band, and out of ten or a dozen manage to cut out and stay by a couple, wearing them out and catching them finally with lassos. The camels are very wild at first, but speedily tame down, and the showmen can do anything they please with them.

"I was for nearly two years there mining, and myself and men were furnished with camel meat right along and thought it very good. We paid 25 cents a pound for a good deal of it, and we thought it as good beef as we had usually eaten. The old prospectors, who had turned to peddling meat, never said a word to us, but took their pay regularly to go away and come back again. At the last we found out it was nothing but the camel's meat which they were furnishing us. Then we began to draw the line.

"If the meat sellers and circus people would let the camels alone for awhile, they would increase much faster. The animals are interesting to see on the desert and do no harm."—San Francisco Examiner.

HAS TWO HEARTS.

A Physician's Report on the Most Remarkable Case of William King.

William King, the negro who has two hearts and is able to control the pulsations of either at will, and who occasionally excites the medical associations of the Atlantic coast by making an exhibition of himself, has been examined by Dr. C. A. Jackson of Pittsburg, who reports as follows:

"The man has two distinct hearts, connected only by the larger blood vessels and a very elastic pericardium. He has the peculiar power of moving either of these two hearts independently and can hold one up under the ribs while the other is let down into the groin, where it can be felt pulsating even more plainly than when in its natural position. He can stop one or both from beating for a period of one minute and probably longer, but he has been told that to extend the time beyond that limit would probably endanger his life. The stoppage of either heart silences the pulse beats on the corresponding side, but does not affect the other. If both are stopped at once, no pulse beat can be detected in any part of the body.

"The left heart is the larger of the two, being about the size of a cocoanut, which is very large for a man of King's size. The right one is no larger than a good sized goose egg.

"When one heart is down in the flank and the other in normal position, they are separated by a distance of about 14 inches. As they lie ordinarily in the chest they are only about two or three inches apart.

"The most remarkable thing about King's case is the fact that each heart appears to be complete in all its details and furnished with sufficient blood for use on its own side of the body.

"In some species of lower animals there are two distinct hearts, but in them the right side sends blood to the lungs, while the left does the work for the general circulation of the whole body."

Buried Alive.

President George T. Angell of the American Humane society has sent the following to the legislature of every state: "It is well known to the American press that many persons—and how many no one can tell—have been buried alive. The father of the undersigned came very near being buried alive, being declared by his physician dead, and all preparations made for his funeral before he could give visible signs of life. The object of this petition, which I hope you will cause to be properly presented, is to call public attention throughout our entire country to this important subject, and I take pleasure in sending a marked copy of it to the editors of every American newspaper and magazine north of Mexico, asking their assistance."

The Bishop's Laboratory Beer.

The laboratory that supplies Bishop Fallows' home brewed nonalcoholic beer is working overtime in order to keep up with the demand. The drink, as described by a connoisseur, tastes like old fashioned "yarb tea," and appears to be a preparation of roots, herbs, barks and gums, such as the grandmothers of the present generation used to give to "clean out the system" after an attack of boils, carbuncles or spring fever. There is a general feeling that Bishop Fallows would not spring any unwholesome or unrighteous beverage on a trusting community, and the Home saloon is doing a tremendous business.—Chicago Tribune.

JOHN BROWN'S FARM.

Kate Field's Desire to Prove That There Is Poetic Justice In the Nineteenth Century.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind. The time had come to carry out the dream of my girlhood, when, through Mr. Isaac H. Bailey, I appealed to the present owners of John Brown's farm to help me save it from auction. Owing to the generous response of one woman and 18 men, the farm of 240 acres was bought, a good tenant secured, and when I visited the Adirondacks in 1892 our property had trebled in value. The house was in good repair, and John Brown's grave was the Mecca of tourists.

The subscribers to the John Brown fund were Mrs. R. C. Watterson, Boston, and Messrs. Isaac H. Bailey, John E. Williams, William H. Lee, George A. Robbins, George Cabot Ward, Henry Clews, D. Randolph Martin, Le Grand B. Cannon, Charles S. Smith, S. B. Chittenden, Isaac Sherman, Jackson S. Schultz, Elliott C. Cowdin, Thomas Murphy, Charles C. Judson, Salem H. Wales, Sinclair Tousey and H. B. Claflin, all of New York city.

Of our 20 subscribers nine have already joined John Brown in his march of eternity. The last to go was Jackson S. Schultz, with whom I had serious talks about the disposition of the farm a few months before his death. Sinclair Tousey, long our faithful secretary, wrote letters of warning when he felt the angel of death approaching. Both friends realized the necessity of putting this historic farm in such condition legally as to fulfill the original intention. Being the first subscriber, I had a defined idea of what I wanted. My desire was that the farm should be held as sacred ground, to prove that even in the nineteenth century there is poetic justice. I wanted it to be the center of a great state park. Nature made the Adirondacks the sanitarium of New York no less than the storehouse of its waters.

With more faith than ever in the ultimate destiny of the north woods, I am more anxious than ever that John Brown's farm should be given to the state, to be held forever as a park for the people, every care being taken to preserve the house intact. I know that Mr. Schultz, Mr. Tousey, Mr. Chittenden and Mr. Cowdin would advocate immediate action could they speak from beyond the tomb. Mrs. Watterson has assigned to me her interest in the property. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, our secretary, Mr. Salem H. Wales and Colonel Le Grand B. Cannon cordially indorse the proposition of state ownership, the last named subscriber suggesting that a tablet be placed near the grave of John Brown to bear the names of the purchasers of the farm and the donors to the state of New York.

Mr. Henry Clews, who as trustee holds the deed of the estate, is ready to do our bidding. I therefore ask my colleagues or their representatives to give him the authority needed to accomplish the purpose for which John Brown's farm was saved from auction.—Kate Field.

THINK WE ARE TRICKY.

British Provincial Newspapers Say the Yankee Hates to Pay What He Owes.

Some British provincial newspapers have been commenting, with considerable asperity, upon what they regard as American sharp practice over the Paris Bering award. All are possessed with the idea that the British lion has been fooled and think it is time he began growling. The Newcastle Journal, a Tory newspaper not without influence, the other day made these sage remarks:

"It goes against the Yankee grain either to hand over money illegally obtained or money due by contract or the award of arbitrators. What with being kept out of our Alabama surplus money, paying for the costly Bering sea inquiry and still waiting for compensation for the seizure of British sealing vessels, this country may well regard American arbitration as a kind of 'Heads I win, tails you lose' game, at which we should in future refuse to play without some guarantee against being deceived by a rigmarole of phrases and legal verbiage into fresh losses and damages in addition to those which first led to the controversies in relation to the Bering sea fisheries and the Canadian fisheries long ago."

An After Election Correspondence.

"The shortest correspondence on record," said Congressman Covert of New York yesterday, "passed between Amos Cummings and me a few months ago. Shortly after the November election, when Amos was defeated for congress, he was appointed subway commissioner of New York at a salary of $5,000 a year. When I heard of it, I sent Amos this letter:

"'Dear Amos'— Then I drew a picture of a human hand and wrote in red letters across the palm the word 'Shake!' 'Yours, Covert.'

"Two days later I received a reply. It read thus:

"'Dear Jim'— Underneath was a human hand stretched in the opposite direction from that drawn in my letter and bearing on the palm the word 'Thanks.' In the corner of the page was an excellent delineation of a champagne glass half filled with wine, and under it the words 'With pleasure. Yours, Amos.'

"But I always believed that Amos' reply was not genuine. You ask me why? Because I never saw him with a half filled glass. It was either brimming over or empty."—Washington Times.

Lent.

Strange to tell, the familiar term of Lent has nothing in its origin significant of fasting. It is derived from the Saxon term—lengthen, tide or spring—the time when each successive day steals a few minutes from its night. In English literature we have repeated allusions to Jack o' Lent, a sort of puppet, generally personated as a lean and ragged scarecrow, which boys jeered and threw stones at, much as the Guy Fawkes of later days was treated.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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State Vice-President, Ed J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ills.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

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County President, Lawrence Henely, 3146 Groveland av.
County Vice-President, W. J. Dougherty.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.
The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 306, 120 Randolph st; T A Becket, V-P; Michael Tuohy, Rec Sec, 142½ Jackson st; T M Terrill, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 3034 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 8:30 and 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2948 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V-P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H B Ryan, Rec Sec, 3673 State st; James P Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 212 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; Patk Henan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2703 Hickory st; James K O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 445 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 3020 Dryer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4439 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Ogden alley, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4326 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Tuursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoriasts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5818 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 464 Laflin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm O'Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4325 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J Stern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2301 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Donerty, Pres, 1353 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4416 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 26—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 338, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, 10810 Calhoun av; F C Hartnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 3627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, v-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5437 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 3559 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C Mcinerney, Treas. Meet 3d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

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Pres't, J H Carmody, 20 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 333 S Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O Beirne; Knight Commander, John Dadic; V-Kt Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meet Hrs Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. P J Kennedy, President, 347 Loomis-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; William S Dillon, 2d V-P; J J Barry, Secretary, 22 Plum-st; Ed Dunphey, Asst Secretary; John Shannon, Treasurer. Meet in hall, 338 W Taylor-st, the 1st and 3rd Mondays of each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rao, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 153 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 328 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 237 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hirman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

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St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4039 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 353 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3360 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a . Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Hals ted sts.

Marquette No 13—John U Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 358 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 311 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 59th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, P J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1615 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2201 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, B J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elisabeth's No. 23—C R, Bernard Burns, 4730 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4009 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 913 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hamm; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Nicholas Schmittshmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 12th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 483 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Dieser, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3803 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becktug, 1604 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Sexauith; T, L H Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Boudard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Daily, 3543 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3412 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 208 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heckmann; T, P Mueller Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

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FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

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We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

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MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
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No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
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HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
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"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an imm

Young, Makeel & Bradley, Attorneys.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the June Term A. D. 1895. Bernard Curtis vs. Thomas P. Keefe, Marguerite M. Keefe, Timothy Dyer, Catherine E. Dyer, John E. Dooley, William Burke, Mary L. Burke, John M. Chadwick, Elizabeth L. Chadwick, George Adams, Elizabeth Adams, John C. Burke, Margaret Burke, Frank B. Chadwick, Lena C. Chadwick, George S. Foster, Nellie Foster, Stock Growers National Bank of Cheyenne, Laramie Co., Wyoming, Central City Bank of Central City, Nebraska, Charles F. Fisher, First National Bank of Monroe, Wis., Arabut Ludlow, Caroline C. Ludlow, Anna Nielsen, William Gibson, trustee, Ira J. McGee, successor in trust, W. S. Struthers, The Omaha Merchandise Company, of Omaha, Nebraska, Thomas J. Rice, Jennie F. Rice, Perry Hersey, Mrs. Hersey, wife of Perry Hersey, George A. Chadwick, Henry Rieke, trustee, Henry W. Bishop, successor in trust, Patrick H. Rice, Mary J. Rice, Jay M. Chadwick, Clara L. Chadwick, W. W. Chadwick, Clara B. Miller, Thomas Harris, Sally P. Fisher, Martha M. Fisher, Ferdinand Spies, Ernest B. Kendall, Leila May Kendall, John A. O'Keefe, Richard C. Cushing, Henry S. Shedd, trustee, S. Leonard Boyce, successor in trust, Midland Building and Loan Association of Cook County, Illinois, George Foster, mortgagee, Newton G. Vosler, Florence Vosler, Andreas Mittelstrasser, Peter McGeoch, Richard Carter, Dime Savings Bank, Bank of Montreal, John Benzett, Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John M. Chadwick and his wife to Central City Bank, of Central City, Nebraska, dated July 3rd, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,898,880, in book 4,300, at page 557, conveying lots 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, in block 11; lots 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 7; and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, in block 10, of Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from Anna Nielsen to William Gibson, dated February 17, 1894, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 2,023,665, in book 4,138, at page 463, conveying lots 7 and 8, in block 9, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision, in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John A. O'Keefe to Richard C. Cushing, dated December 16th, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 2,014,170, in book 4,918, at page 113, conveying lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, in block 1; lots 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 12; and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 14, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E., of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of note secured by trust deed from Emma Moir to Henry S. Shedd, dated May 19th, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,873,816, in book 4,354, at page 6, conveying lot 5, in block 19, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from Calvin C. Brown to George Foster, dated July 17, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,902,666, in book 4,341, at page 166, conveying lot 3, in block 23, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to John E. 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Notice is hereby given to the said Thomas P. Keefe, Marguerite M. Keefe, Timothy Dyer, Catherine E. Dyer, John E. Dooley, William Burke, Mary L. Burke, John M. Chadwick, Elizabeth L. Chadwick, Frank B. Chadwick, Lena C. Chadwick, Stock Growers' National Bank of Cheyenne, Laramie Co., Wyoming, Central City Bank of Central City, Nebraska, Charles F. Fisher, First National Bank of Monroe, Wis., Arabut Ludlow, Caroline C. Ludlow, Anna Nielsen, W. S. Struthers, The Omaha Merchandise Company, of Omaha, Nebraska, George A. Chadwick, Jay M. Chadwick, Clara L. Chadwick, W. W. Chadwick, Clara B. Miller, Thomas Harris, Sally P. Fisher, Martha M. Fisher, John A. O'Keefe, Richard C. Cushing, Newton G. Vosler, Florence Vosler, Andreas Mittelstrasser, Peter McGeoch, Richard Carter, John Benzett, Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John M. 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O'Keefe, that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the Third Monday of June A. D. 1895, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

YOUNG, MAKEEL & BRADLEY, Complainant's Solicitors.

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